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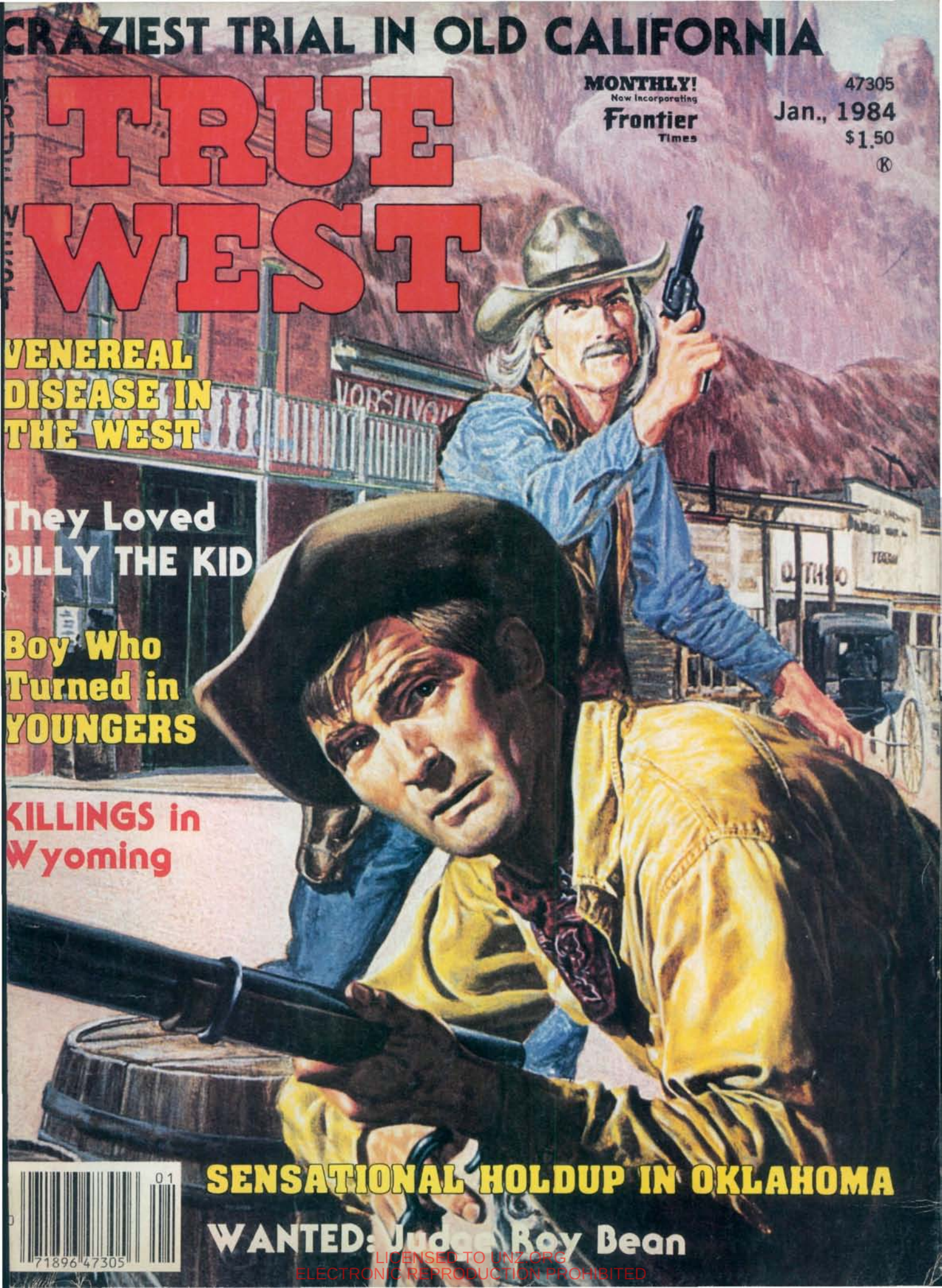
They Loved BILLY THE KID

Boy Who Turned in YOUNGERS

KILLINGS in Wyoming



SENSATIONAL HOLDUP IN OKLAHOMA

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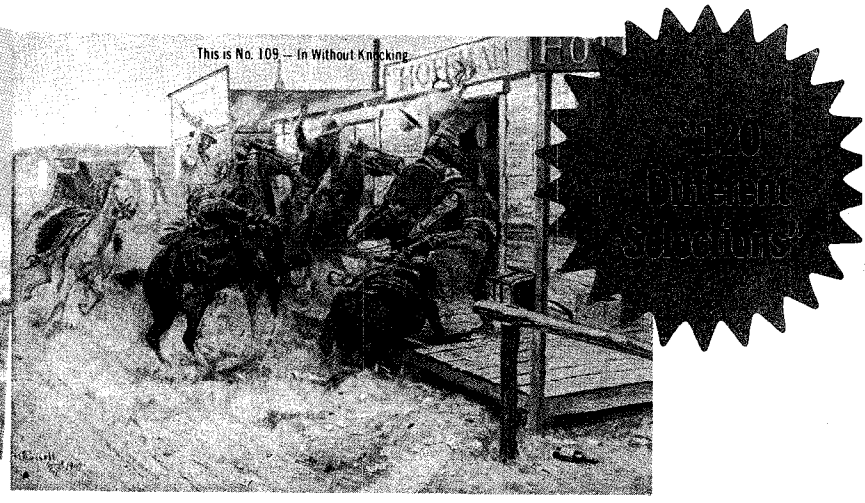
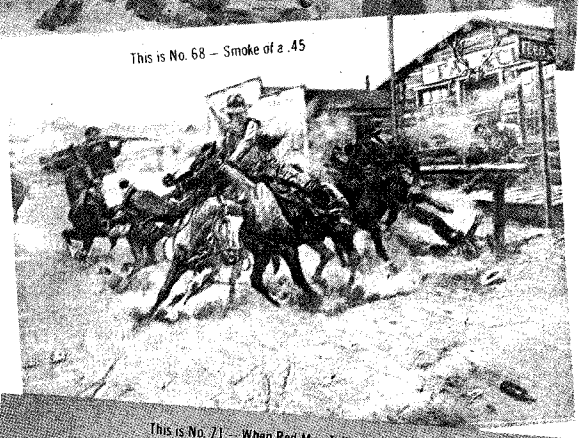
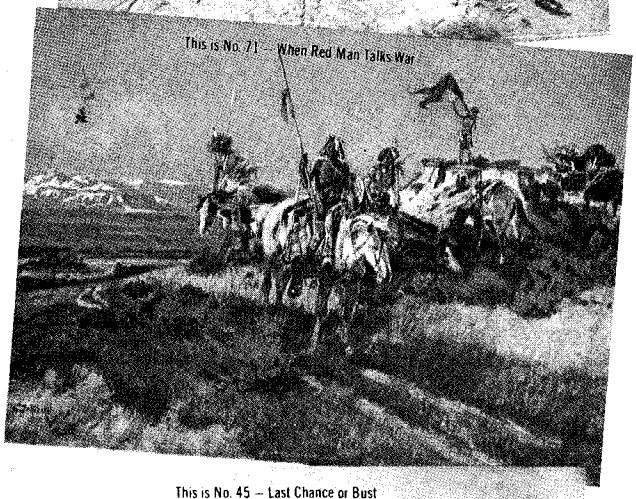


This is No. 109 – In Without Knocking



This is No. 68 – Smoke of a .45



This is No. 71 – When Red Man Talks War

This is No. 45 – Last Chance or Bust

——PICTURE SIZE IS WIDTH BY DEPTH——

1— Ambushed, 11 x 14
2— A Tight Daily & Loose Latigo, 13½ x 9½
3— A Loose Cinch, 11 x 8
4— A Wounded Grizzly, 8½ x 11
5— Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11 x 7½
6— Boss of the Trail Herd, 8 x 10½
7— Bronc to Breakfast, 13½ x 9½
8— Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½ x 8
9— Bucking Bronco, 8 x 11½
10— Better Than Bacon, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
11— On the Move, 13½ x 9½
12— Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½ x 8½ (color)
13— On the Trail, 11 x 7½
14— The Pony Raid, 10½ x 8
16— Capturing the Grizzly, 15 x 8½
17— Cinch Ring, 15 x 8½
18— Caught with the Goods, 14 x 9½
19— Cowboy Life, 11 x 14
20— Call of the Law, 13½ x 9½
21— Carson's Men (Kit Carson) 14 x 9½
22— Return of the Warriors, 13½ x 9½
23— The Water Girl, 9 x 10½ (watercolor)
24— Renegades Return, 13½ x 9½
25— Chief Joseph (Indian Head), 8 x 11 (watercolor)
26— Deadline on the Range, 14 x 9½
27— Disputed Trail, 9½ x 13½
28— Dangerous Cripples, 14 x 9½
29— In the Wake of the Buffalo Runners, 10 x 8
30— Early American, 13½ x 9½
31— Elk in Lake McDonald, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
32— First Furrow, 8 x 12 (watercolor)
33— First Wagon Tracks, 15 x 8½
34— Finding the Trail, 13½ x 9½
35— Heads or Tails, 15 x 8½
36— Heading the Right Way, 13½ x 9½
37— The Cattle Drive, 13½ x 9½
38— Women of the Plains, 8 x 6
39— Invocation to the Sun, 13½ x 9½
40— Indian Love Call, 13½ x 9½
41— Jerked Down, 15 x 8½
42— The Jerkline, 14 x 9½
43— Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½ x 7
45— Last Chance or Bust, 12½ x 9
46— Mad Cow, 12 x 8 (watercolor)
47— Wagons Westward, 10½ x 8 (watercolor)
48— The Challenge, 10½ x 6½
49— When Arrows Spell Death, 9 x 7
50— Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10 x 7 (watercolor)
51— At the End of the Rope, 10½ x 7
52— Prospectors, 10½ x 8
53— Planning the Attack, 14 x 10
54— Pipe of Peace, 14 x 7
55— Who Killed the Bear? 10½ x 7
56— Queens's War Hounds, 14 x 9½
57— Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11 x 8½
58— Roping a Grizzly, 11 x 8½
59— Red Man's Wireless, 14 x 7
60— Roping a Wolf, 11 x 8
61— Smoking Them Out, 11 x 10½
62— Scattering The Riders, 11½ x 8
63— Strenuous Life, 14 x 9½
64— Sun Worshipers, 16 x 10½
65— Serious Predicament, 15 x 8½
66— Single Handed, 14 x 9½
67— Slick Ear, 11½ x 9
68— Smoke of a .45, 12 x 9
69— Sage Brush Sport, 13½ x 8½
70— Signal Fire, 11 x 14
71— When Red Man Talks War, 13½ x 9½
72— In Enemy Country, 13½ x 9½
73— The Medicine Man, 11 x 8½
74— Trail's End, 13½ x 9½
75— The Holdup, 13 x 8
76— The Bolter, 9½ x 13½
77— The Attack, 12 x 8
78— The Drifter, 13½ x 9½
79— The Tenderfoot, 11 x 8
80— Two of a Kind Win, 13½ x 9½
81— Last of 5,000, 8 x 9½ (watercolor)
83— When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½ x 9½
84— Mandan Buffalo Hunt, 13½ x 9½
86— Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½ x 8 (watercolor)
87— Whose Meat? 13½ x 9½
88— Wagon Boss, 16 x 10½
89— When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½ x 9½
90— A Crow Chief, 7 x 9 (watercolor)
91— Innocent Allies, 13½ x 9½
92— Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½ x 6 (watercolor)
93— When Siou x & Blackfeet Meet, 15 x 8½
94— Warning Shadows, 10½ x 7
95— When Horse Flesh Comes High, 15 x 8½
96— Wound Up, 11 x 8½ (watercolor)
97— The Scouts (Indians) 9½ x 7
98— Winter Packet, 9½ x 5 (watercolor)
99— Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11 x 8½
101— The Buffalo Hunt (1898) 13½ x 9½
102— Cowboy Sport, 13½ x 9½
103— A Desperate Stand, 13½ x 9½
104— Rider of the Rough String, 13½ x 9½
105— Prairie Express (Stagecoach), 13½ x 9½
106— The Fire Boat, 10½ x 8
107— Our Warriors Return, 13½ x 9½
108— When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½ x 9½
109— In Without Knocking, 14 x 10
110— Critical Moment (Cowboys), 8 x 6
111— Land of Good Hunging, 13½ x 9½
112— Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½ x 9½
113— Trapper's Last Stand, 14 x 9½
114— When Meat Was Plentiful, 11 x 7½
115— Buffalo on the Move, 13½ x 9
116— Red Skin Raiders, 13½ x 9
117— Trail of the Iron Horse (Indians, RR tracks) 13½ x 9½
118— Breaking Camp (Indian Women), 13½ x 9½
119— Riding Line, 13½ x 9½
120— Indian Trading Post, 9½ x 13½
121— Stalking the Herd, 9½ x 13½
122— Death of a Gambler, 9½ x 13½
123— Piegan Indian, 9 x 12
124— Russell Letter to a Friend (black and white), 8½ x 11

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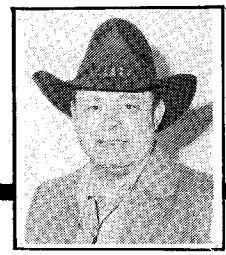
From The Editor



Ah January and its time for one of my favorite issues, outlaws and lawmen. You'll find surprises in stories on such old favorites as Billy the Kid, Judge Roy Bean, and the Youngers. There's also stories on lesser-known frontier figures you should find interesting.

October cover. But before I get into those, there's a few other things I need to talk about. One is our October cover, the buffalo hunter painted by Fred Fellows of Bigfork, Montana. Montana being my old stomping grounds I was especially pleased to get some artwork from Fellows, one of Montana's leading artists.

But Fred was mighty unhappy when we flopped his original painting so it would fit better on the cover along with our magazine name and all. Unfortunately, this made it appear that the hammer on the Sharp's rifle is on the left side. Fred informs us that the Sharp's hammer is always on the right.

We did not know that but even if we had we would have had to flop the picture or not use it. But we should have explained in the magazine that the artist is not to blame; he painted it right. It was us who got it turned around.

In Fred's case this is serious because he pays attention to every detail in his paintings. Our apologies to Fred and on this page see the picture as Fred painted it.

We have received a letter from one reader thus far on this. The letter will appear in a later issue of TRUE WEST. Our readers watch things closely and if they see something wrong they usually let us know.

Sundance book. It's time to mention the sale of our new book, *The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid.* We've done very well, having sold more than 5,000 copies at the time this is written in late summer. If the big boys on the East Coast kept track of such things, we'd be on the best-seller lists.

We still have first edition books left and they are such a bargain: $4.95 for a copy and the book makes an excellent gift. Or you can get one free by renewing or subscribing to TRUE WEST for $11 for one year.

Belt Buckles. Another good gift idea is our 30th anniversary commemorative belt buckle. We still have some of these brass beauties left and since only 2,000 will ever be made and each is numbered on the back, getting one for $10 is an investment as well as a bargain.

In this issue. Some time ago I read Lynda A. Sanchez's story in New Mexico magazine on how the Hispanic people of New Mexico loved Billy the Kid. I asked her if she'd write a similar story for us. She has and you'll find it in this issue. Included are some surprising legends from within the Hispanic community.

When he wrote "Venereal Diseases Among Frontier Soldiers," which appears in this issue, Calvin B. Delaplain was a student at the Army Command & General Staff College at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. He also was a student at the University of Kansas School of Medicine. And he was a major in the Army. Then he left the Army for a time, but now he is back in and stationed in Hawaii where he is interning as a physician. His story is an excellent piece of research.

"Answer Man" Chuck Parsons spent years researching the Northfield, Minnesota, bank robbery, since for many years he lived in Minnesota. His story in this issue focuses on the boy who turned the fleeing bandits in.

Hood River Blackie is back with a story about the Outlaw Trail which stretches from the Montana-Canada border to Mexico. Blackie says he rode over parts of the trail and had some close calls on the Mexico section.

Among the mysterious and even haunting events which occurred in violence-torn northern Wyoming in the late 1880s and early 1890s were the killings of "Dab" Burch and Jack Bedford. Dorothy Milek, a writer and historian from that part of Wyoming, details the tragedy.

Who can forget Alan Ladd's classic portrayal in the movie "Shane." How I loved that movie as a kid. Before he made "Shane" Ladd made "Whispering Smith." I don't remember the movie but I found Robert Rybolt's story in this issue fascinating. Rybolt discovered the character of the novel was an actual range detective. And to his friends he was known as Whispering Smith.

Many gun battles in the Old West are compared to the legendary showdown at the OK Corral. But I believe I found one that will equal any for the number involved, the number killed and duration of the gun battle. It occurred in 1906 in Kennewick, Washington. I call it "Shootout at Poplar Grove."

Robert K. DeArment, author of the sensational biography of Bat Masterson, returns to these pages with an account of a little-known outlaw Dan Bogan. For seven years officers dogged this cowboy-turned-desperado from Hamilton County, Texas.

Also in this issue is the story of a sensational holdup in Oklahoma by Joe D. Haines, of Oklahoma, and Meghan Collins' account of the most outrageous trial held in California.

Hope you like this issue and we'll see you next month.

— Jim Dullenty

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OUR COVER

This painting, by artist Tom Copolongo, depicts a scene which could have taken place in several stories in this issue, our special outlaw-lawman issue. Copolongo, a western painter who does illustrations as well as paintings, has lived in Texas, Colorado, Washington and Alaska. He often travels in the West doing historical research for his artwork.

Manuscripts, artwork and photographs will be treated with care, but their safety while in our hands is not guaranteed. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope of sufficient size for return with all submissions. Mail to 700 East State St., Iola, WI 54990. Copyright 1983 by Krause Publications.

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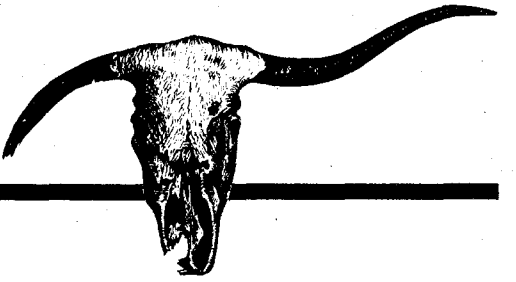
Truly Western



Custer Survivors

I read the letters to the editor in September TRUE WEST, and I am especially interested in the letter from Mr. Perry of Reed City, Michigan, concerning the survivors of the Custer battle at Greasy Grass. Enclosed are excerpts from chapters four and nine of my thesis on the subject.

To argue with these statements would be an attempt to impeach the most reliable sources of information concerning the action fought by the 7th Cavalry at the Littlehorn.

I have been studying the battle for 30 years and my research has made me believe strongly that some of the soldiers did, in fact, make good their escape and took the opportunity to disappear from sight. Let the reader decide for himself.

Excerpts from chapters four and nine:

"The available information indicates that the last soldiers of the battalion to perish were those defending the high ground where the monument now stands. There were 202 dead troopers counted on the battlefield after the fight, leaving approximately eight or more unaccounted for. Of course the roll call was, at best, an estimate but it is presumed to be fairly accurate. The casualty list transmitted to Bismark shows some of the officers, including Lt. Sturgis, as missing and unaccounted for. Some interesting theories have been developed concerning the missing soldiers; some supported by hard evidence....

"'The question has often been asked if any soldier escaped. In August we camped at the mouth of the Rosebud where we found the carcass of a horse shot in the head; near the horse was a carbine; on the saddle was a small grain sack made of canvas and used by the 7th Cavalry only to carry oats during the march, when detached from the wagons. At the time of the discovery we conjectured that some man had escaped, and on reaching the river had killed his horse for meat and used the saddle straps to tie together a raft. An Indian would not have left the carbine but the man may have abandoned it, either because he was out of ammunition or could not risk the extra weight on his raft.' From General Codfrey's narrative: Graham, *The Custer Myth*. Pg. 146." — **Michael H. Cassel, Box 663, Dillon, MT 59725.**

Reader Questions Map

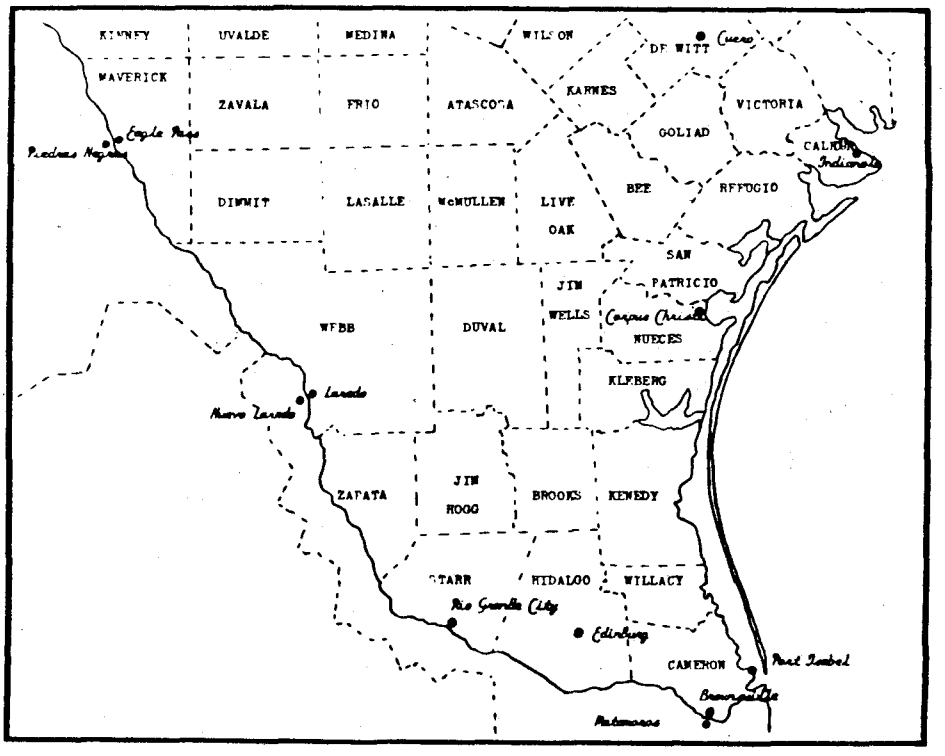
Webb's chapter on McNelly is still interesting (page 68 in the August issue of TRUE WEST) though there are later and more lively accounts.

The thing that caught my eye, however, was your map of the area on page 69. In 1875, the town of Edinburg was not at the location shown on the map, but was where the village of Hidalgo now stands.

John Young, who named the town after the city in his native Scotland, established the town on the river. In 1915, an election was held and the county seat was removed to the present location of Edinburg by A. Y. Baker and a John Closner. Baker was the county treasurer and Closner was sheriff; about that time whey switched jobs and Baker became sheriff while Closner was treasurer.

They named the new town Chapin (shah-peen) after the county judge. When the judge fell into ill repute for killing a man in a San Antonio saloon, the people of Chapin changed the name to Edinburg.

I have seen many maps of the old military road which followed the route of present U. S. 83; almost invariably the road is shown going out of the way to pass through the *present* Edinburg, not through old Edinburg. Even Texans of that day were not likely to make such a detour through a town which did not exist.



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I once did about half the research for a history of Hidalgo County, but it was discontinued when I decided to leave. I have another aborted history by a historian of the county. It contains marvelous tales of the old days. — **Orlan Sawey, P.O. Box 163, Bryson City, NC 28713.**

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Incorrect Information

In the "Western Roundup" section of the September issue of TRUE WEST, a paragraph devoted to Louis L'Amour has an incorrect statement in it. L'Amour is celebrating at least **51** years as a published author, not 30 years as I suspect L'Amour and his publisher would like western readers to believe.

L'Amour was first published in 1932. In the mid-1930s, his poetry appeared in *Oklahoma Poetry Society State Anthology* and *North Dakota Singing.* His first book, a work of poetry called *Smoke From This Altar* was published in Oklahoma City in 1939. — **David Grossblatt, P.O. Box 30001, Dallas, TX 75230.**

Too Much Beer

I read the story "Pitching Woo in the Old West" (March 1983 TRUE WEST), and it brought back memories of my youth.

Almost all of my father's family was musical and we used to have a concert when the family got together. There were seven boys and two girls and when they got together, all of Grandma's neighbors gathered in the yard to listen to the music.

I remember the square dances that were held at various peoples' homes. Each had a separate room for us youngsters to play in, and we had candy and other sweets.

I well recall one party. It was held at Gus Verforth's place about a half-mile from our house. I was three or four, and I sneaked onto the back porch wanting to sample some beer that was there.

The first glass tasted good but I had a few too many. It was my first "drunk." I finally crawled under the bed in one of the bedrooms. When the party broke up, they could not find me. I awakened in the wee hours of the morning and Gus woke up and took me home. — **Clete Ackerman, Box 191, Forsyth, MO 65653.**

Pink Simms is the Artist

Reference to page 8 in the September issue of TRUE WEST, relative to the drawing appearing in June TRUE WEST (whether it was done by Pink Simms as noted in the magazine or by Charlie Russell as contended by two readers): Pink Simms did sketch this with thanks to Russell, his friend, and presented it to the N. H. Rose Collection, now at the University of Oklahoma Library.

I have his letter of presentation sent from Montana, and I have used the picture as an illustration in the past. — **Ed Bartholomew, Box 805, Fort Davis, TX 79734.**

Editor's Note: Mr. Bartholomew enclosed a page from the Rose Catalog, published in 1951, showing the Pink Simms' drawing listed.

Russell Memories

Charles Russell died before I was born, but I grew up in the areas where he lived. Several old-timers spoke of him, referring to his way of treating everyone the same.

I have read many articles and books on Russell; anything about him interested me as I think he is one of the greatest painters of western art.

Russell built the log cabin for the specific purpose of being able to paint and visit with his long-time friends. Some of the rough characters he knew would probably never have visited him in his residence.

Judging from the numerous letters that Russell wrote, he kept in touch with his friends. I don't think they had to be screened by his wife first. The article in August TRUE WEST, "The Dark Side of Charlie Russell," gives the impression that Russell was "driven" to paint by a heavy-handed wife. — **Eunice Barrow, Route 20, Box 515FA, San Antonio, TX 78218.**

Writer's Husband Knew Charlie Russell

My husband and I read with interest your articles on Charlie Russell in August TRUE WEST. My husband, Earl McLeish, knew and remembers him very well.

Earl was about ten when his mother rented a house from Charlie only a short distance from the studio. He thinks it was on 5th Avenue. Earl took the rent to Charlie every month.

He remembers the sash that Charlie wore, the Bull Durham cigarettes that he carried in his shirt pocket and his fondness for The Mint Saloon. — **Josephine McLeish, 1003 Jasper, Medford, OR 97501.**

The Doctor and Sam Bass

"The Doctor Who Rode With Sam Bass," an article in the April 1983 issue of TRUE WEST, was interesting to me.

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I have read your magazines for years, and have been of the opinion that some day my great-uncle, Dr. John Bascom Jones, would be mentioned in an article. Although I have seen the town of Caddo, Indian Territory, mentioned, the above article is the first one I have read that mentioned him.

Dr. Jones was born on Aug. 5, 1845, in Iowa Territory in what is now Van Buren County. According to his family history, he served in the Civil War, was discharged on account of disability, but re-enlisted in the 39th Iowa Infantry. He married Susie Burk on Jan. 21, 1874, in Caddo, Indian Territory.

Several years ago, while visiting in Iowa, a cousin of mine showed me a copy of The Caddo Free Press. This was an "extra" and had information about the murder of Dr. Jones. — **Keith Jones, 7105 Westgate Blvd., Austin, TX 78745.**

Remembering the Oregon Trail

I sure enjoy TRUE WEST magazine. The article on the Oregon Trail (July TRUE WEST) comes close to my heart.

My grandparents, John and Jane Van Blokland, came west over this route in 1864 and settled in Grande Ronde Valley, Oregon.

I remember when Harry Tracy was captured. I was a little shaver but I remember the people wondering if he would show up in eastern Oregon.

In your piece about rodeo cowgirls, three more should have been named: Bertha Blanchets, Kitty Canutt and Ollie Osborne. All were top performers. — **Earl Van Blokland, 2304 Union Ave., No. 45, La Grande, OR 97850.**

Cassidy Died in Washington

Butch Cassidy or Mr. Parker died in Washington at the age of 83. He wasn't killed with the Sundance Kid. They had a cook the size of Butch Cassidy. He had Butch's gun. He saw them coming so he got out a window and down a coulee.

Also on Robbers Roost on page 26 of August TRUE WEST, that is a picture of a 1923 T truck as I drove one many miles. — **Earl Parsons, 2713 5th Ave. S., Great Falls, MT 59405.**

Impressed Reader

In the past, I was an avid reader of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES and have quite a collection of early issues. I have not followed the magazines closely over the last few years, so when I picked up the June, 1983, TRUE WEST, I was surprised and impressed by the new format and excellent contents. The pages are more open and inviting and the type is clear and bold. I like the look.

The contents were equally impressive. The new "Western Roundup" section is most useful and I was delighted with the fine book review section.

The articles were lively and informative and touched on some new areas that the magazines did not deal with before. — **Paul A. Hutton, Associate Editor, Journal of the Western History Association, Utah State University, Logan, UT 84322.**

Recipe Enthusiast

I sure enjoyed your June 1983 issue of TRUE WEST, especially the article "Chuck Wagon Cooking" by Barbara Blackburn.

The recipes were authentic and gave me fond memories of my cowpunchin' days in Colorado during the 1930s. Keep up the good work. — **Jack Winslow, 2 Ticehurst Ln., Marblehead, MA 01945.**

Wishing Years of Success

Congratulations on your 30th anniversary.

Just thought I'd take a minute of your time to let you know we have taken your magazine, first by buying it on the newsstands and then subscribing to it, ever since they started selling them here in Pocatello, Idaho.

My husband has kept every issue so we have a stack of them. You even had an article in one issue about a relative of mine.

We sure do enjoy the magazine and want to wish you many more years. — **Wilma J. Probart, 795 Leo Lane, Pocatello, ID 83204.**

Your letters and comments are welcome. Please keep letters to 300 words or less. All letters received by TRUE WEST will be considered for publication unless otherwise stipulated in the letter. Space does not permit us to print all letters we receive. Be sure to include full name, address and zip code. Photos welcome. Address all letters to TRUE WEST, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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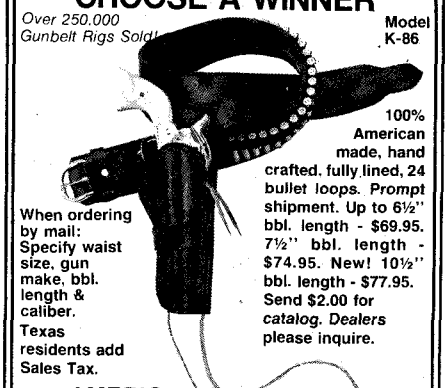
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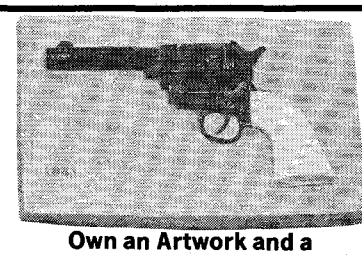
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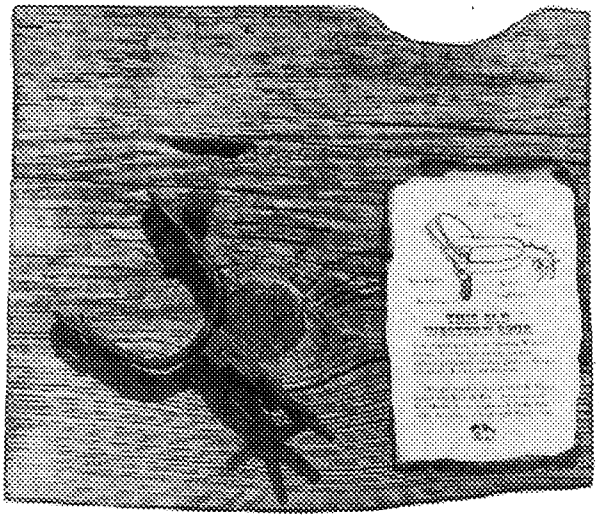

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CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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Hardcover. $15.50
Softcover. $8.95

4. THE O.K. CORRAL INQUEST *by Alford Turner.* For the first time the complete testimonies given at the Coroner's Inquest and Spicer Hearing following the O.K. Corral gunfight are given in their entirety as they were transcribed from the original records. 256 p., 54 illus., index, bibliography.
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5. HENRY BROWN: THE OUTLAW-MARSHAL *by Bill O'Neal.* The first biography on Brown, a buffalo hunter who rode with Billy the Kid, wore a badge, and then was lynched for robbing a bank while serving as marshal in Caldwell, Kansas. 165 p., illus., biblio.
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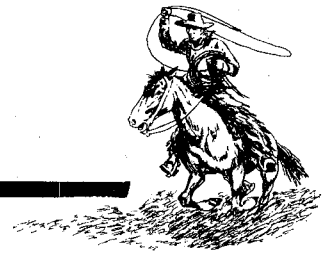
Western Roundup



Society Honors James Willard Schultz

Those interested in learning more about the life and writing of Apikuni, also known as James Willard Schultz, would profit by joining the society named in his honor. The James Willard Schultz Society is dedicated to gathering and disseminating information on Schultz.

Pioneered by an Andes, New York schoolteacher named David C. Andrews in 1976, the JWS Society publishes a quarterly newsletter, The Piegan Storyteller, that serves as a communications link for members. It contains both new and vintage Apikuni stories and biographical information.

Membership in the JWS Society is small, hovering around 300, but is growing and active. Several notable western writers and artists are members, such as A. B. Guthrie Jr.

Membership also includes a few old-timers who knew Schultz personally, plus Blackfoot Indians from both the United States and Canada. Annual dues are low, designed only to cover the costs of printing and mailing the society's newsletter.

For complete information, send a legal-sized envelope to David C. Andrews, JWS Society, Box 53, Andes, NY 13731.

James Willard Schultz at age 20.

Gold Mining Show. If you enjoy gold mining, you'll want to go to the Gold Prospectors Association of America's gold mining show and trade fair at the Community Center in Mesa, Arizona, Jan. 14-15, 1984.

The center will be filled with hundreds of exhibits featuring prospecting, mining and treasure hunting equipment. The show includes continuous free lectures, equipment demonstrations, gold panning contests, mucking contests, and gold nugget jewelry displays.

The show is mobile. After Mesa, it moves to the Yuma Convention Center in Yuma, Arizona, on Jan. 28-29. Prospectors from all over Arizona will be attending this show.

On Feb. 4-5, the show moves to Albuquerque, New Mexico, and Feb. 11-12 it showcases at Denver, Colorado's Arapaho County Fairground. Reno, Nevada will host the exhibits March 3-4; Spokane, Washington is slated for the 10-11, and on the 17-18 it hits Longacres Racetrack in Seattle, Washington.

March 24-25 will find the show in Las Vegas, Nevada, at the Hacienda Hotel and Casino, and the Los Angeles County Fairgrounds in Los Angeles, California, will host it on March 31-April 1. The last show of the year is in the Al Bahr Shrine in San Diego, California on April 7-8.

Spirit of the Old West. The Bear Creek Trading Post of Shingletown, a community of 150 in northern California, is the centerpiece of a 170-acre ranch which is modeled after the ranches of the 19th Century.

Here you'll find a restaurant, country store and saloon, and a hitching post outside. The hitching post, by the way,

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is used by owner Marion Allen, 76, and his horse, Star, along with other mounted patrons of his businesses.

The country store, equipped with vintage coffee mill, scales and cash register, sells homemade jam and other rural goodies.

With his wife, Erma, Allen lives in a frontier-style home several miles down a gravel road from his businesses. The road travels through a narrow opening cut into towering evergreens.

A former building contractor, Allen is the author of several books and is the unofficial historian of Shingletown. He has his old-style store and saloon-restaurant to recapture and retain some of the spirit of the Old West.

Texas Hero. The development of Texas from rural frontier to republic and statehood is filled with romantic history and folklore of the men and women who molded a society in the untamed West.

One such hero, William Alexander Anderson (Bigfoot) Wallace, comes alive through a collection recently placed in the Eugene C. Barker Texas History Center at the University of Texas at Austin.

The collection, acquired from his niece, Mildred D. Varner of Ivor, Virginia, includes manuscript letters, photographs and personal memorabilia that provide details on the developing Texas society as well as the man who became one of Texas' outstanding folk heroes.

The Wallace archives give firsthand insight into Wallace and into daily happenings of the people who lived in Texas during frontier days.

Bigfoot, as he was nicknamed, was born in Virginia in 1817. He was six feet, 2 inches tall and weighed more than 240 pounds. It was his large size that propelled him and his experiences into a larger-than-life character as he became the subject of countless tales of frontier life.

The Wallace archives are housed at the Barker Texas History Center, Sid Richardson Hall Unit 2. The center is open Monday through Saturday from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Russell Art Auction. The 16th Annual Charles M. Russell Auction of Original Western Art will be held in Great Falls, Montana on March 22-24, 1984. The benefactor of the auction is the C. M. Russell Museum in Great Falls.

Artists, dealers and exhibitors will arrive two to three days prior to the auction to set up their art displays in over 100 rooms at the Heritage Inn.

Morning and afternoon seminars are held each day of the auction at no charge. On Friday and Saturday evenings, ticket holders will attend receptions followed by a "quick draw" and auction and then a major art auction.

Totally, this year's auction offers two major western art auctions, three receptions, 100 exhibit rooms, two quick draws, two quick draw auctions, seminars and more.

For additional information contact the Great Falls Advertising Federation, P. O. Box 619, Great Falls, MT 59403.

American Indian Pottery. An exquisite display of Southwest American Indian pottery, handcrafted by renowned potter Margaret Tafoya and six generations of her family, will be exhibited at the Denver Museum of Natural History in City Park, Denver, Colorado.

From Nov. 12, 1983 through Jan. 22, 1984, "Margaret Tafoya: Her Inheritance and Legacy," will be displayed in the Assistance League Gallery on the museum's third floor.

Thirty-four members of this potter-making dynasty from the Santa Clara Pueblo will present some 100 works never previously exhibited together. Featured pieces will trace the development of the family style as Tafoya's heritage has passed to her descendants.

Margaret Tafoya is considered the matriarch of Southwest Indian ceramics. Wedding, storage, water and other jars, plates, vases, lamps, candlesticks and other unusual forms will be among some of the 25 pottery pieces presented by Margaret Tafoya. Pots created by her children and grandchildren will be displayed also.

"Margaret Tafoya: Her Inheritance and Legacy" is open to the public and is free with regular museum admission. The exhibit can be viewed during regular visiting hours, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily.

Western Roundup is a report on places to go and things to see associated with the history of the Old West. Submissions are welcome. Information on scheduled events should be submitted at least six months prior to the event. Items on historic places are also welcome. Send information, including black and white photos, to: Western Roundup, Western Publications, Iola, Wisconsin 54990.

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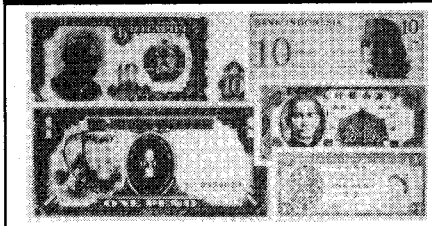

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THEY LOVED Billy THE Kid

By LYNDA A. SANCHEZ

LINCOLN County was a vast and lonely land — a hostile breeding ground where violence was king for more than two decades. Yet it was a country of unrivaled natural beauty and if the politicians and drifters had left things alone, the tiny Mexican *placitas* and surrounding farms would have continued their harmonious existence with the blessings of Mother Nature.

It was marvelous domain for cattle and a little hell raising, and once the smoke of battle cleared a good place to live.

The people's fortunes were regulated by the simple seasonal rhythms of sun, soil and harvest. Sheltered valleys that sprawled southward from the Capitan Mountains were crisscrossed with cacti, pinon and juniper and a riot of color in the springtime.

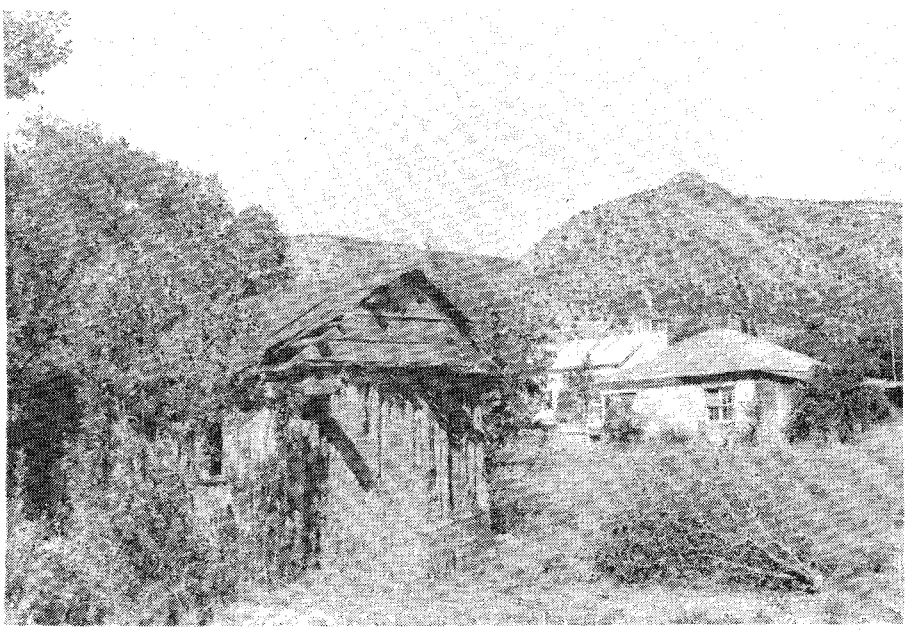
The clear Rio Bonito River meandered through many placitas providing irrigation water for the fields of the Hispanic population. They were the first to recognize the area's possibilities. But political maneuvering and grasping hands of the greedy newcomer created for perhaps 20 years unnecessary violence and bloodshed. It also resulted in callous miscalculation of these simple and quiet people.

IT was to this area that a young man, one Henry McCarty (alias Billy the Kid), was attracted in the late 1870s. He was a drifter with a roguish smile and winning ways. A contemporary described him as being:

"5 feet 8 inches tall, slightly built, and lithe, weighing about 140 lbs; a frank and open countenance, looking like a school boy with a traditional silky fuzz on his upper lip, clear blue eyes with a roguish snap about them, light hair and complexion. He is quite a handsome fellow...."

Little did he realize that his short life would be the source of many legends and hundreds of accounts of his exploits would be publicized. Because he is now a folk hero, it is difficult to separate fact from fiction although in the last decade there have been many valid attempts to do so.

Courtesy the author



"Para nostoros era un joven muy especial" (for us he was a very special young man), said one old-timer to me as we were sipping coffee and reminiscing about Billito.

I leaned forward and asked the old man to tell me why — to explain about their love and respect for Billy whom most Anglos referred to as either a punk kid or a vicious outlaw. The following then is an account of Billy as *la gente* knew and loved him — and still remember him.

MYSTERY surrounds Billy's early childhood as it does many legendary figures. Some say his mother was of distinguished French blood; that the Kid's great-grandfather was born in Haiti after the fall of Napoleon. From Haiti the family made its way to another haven, the United States.

Others claim his mother was full-blooded Mexican married to an ungrateful *gringo* and hence is a possible explanation for his love of the Mexican people. His great knowledge and understanding of their language and culture was admittedly unusual for one so young and a relative newcomer to the Southwest.

Many scholars speculate that his early origins are in New York. As a young boy he grew up in the early frontier atmosphere of Wichita, Kansas. His mother, Catherine, was courted at this time by William Antrim.

When the dread news came that she had tuburculosis and that the only hope for her was to move to a dryer climate, there was but one thing to do. They sold as much of their property as possible and left in 1871.

For the next two years there is no trace of their whereabouts but it is

View of Lincoln, New Mexico, with church in far background. The Gallegos house is center right. In foreground is typical Jacal structure. Lincoln looked much the same in Billy the Kid's day as it does today.

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TO THEM HE WAS 'Billito'

known that Antrim accompanied them and that he and Catherine were married March 1, 1873 in Santa Fe, New Mexico. Henry McCarty witnessed the marriage and the newly formed family set up residence in Silver City, a wild boom town beset by rough and tumble miners.

However what began as a new life ended abruptly when Billy's mother died a year later. From that moment his life was never the same. Hurled from childhood to manhood in a brutal and unforgiving manner by fate, he became a drifter. His aimless wandering took him to Arizona Territory where his life of petty crime suddenly became far more serious. He killed his first man, a bully blacksmith, for little more than insulting him. The bully called the Kid a "pimp."

But no Arizona jail could keep the Kid for long. He escaped and headed east.

TOWNSPEOPLE in the roughshod town of Tascosa, Texas, remember the Kid as one who minded his manners, drank little and was a favorite on the dance floor. As he had discovered in New Mexico, here too he was a favorite of the Mexican-American population.

"Pedro Romero, one of Tascosa's leading residents, had particularly liked the Kid and often sent *baile* invitations to him and his friends. Romero's only stipulation was that his guests come unarmed," according to one source.

Billy drifted back to New Mexico and eventually returned to Lincoln County where he was taken in by many of the Hispanics who always held a special place for an orphan in their hearts. He just seemed to bring the motherly instinct out in women as well as the romantic.

Because of his size he was often bullied and to survive he had to develop something beyond the traditional brawn of many frontier characters. He perfected his ability with the gun and used cunning to escape when necessary. Many Hispanic people later sheltered him when the law was after him.

Perhaps because of his closeness to his mother he felt especially kindly and chivalrous toward women. Susan McSween wrote, "He was very popular and much loved by native New Mexicans because of his kindness and consideration — it gave him pleasure to help them and provide for their wants. Nothing was too much trouble — he would mount his horse and ride all night if necessary for a doctor...to relieve the suffering of a friend."

Francisco Gomez and Senor Garcia both stated, "We liked Billy a lot for he took time to visit with us whenever he saw us at work or play, in town or out irrigating our fields."

Ygenio Salazaar, undoubtedly the Kid's closest friend, said, "Billy didn't bother anybody unless they were out to get him. If he was your friend, he was your friend, plain and simple."

CUENTOS (stories) of the exploits of Billito are recounted by the Mexican people with great delight for he was truly loved by the quiet settlers who spoke a different tongue than the more aggressive and corrupt men like Chisum or the Murphy-Dolan bunch.

Before the Lincoln County War emerged as a serious conflict, Billy and some of his *compadres* delighted in stealing horses from the Apaches. Traditionally the fear and hatred that existed between the Apache and Mexican often ended in bloody confrontations. However one evening a grand trick was played on the Apache by Billy and Apolonio Sedillo.

He and Billy must have had one too many tequilas so they decided they would steal some horses and mules from the Apaches encamped near Fort Stanton.

"As we crept into camp we noticed one old mule was tied by a rawhide rope and that rope was *inside* the tipi. No doubt, this must be a very valuable animal. Billy wanted to steal it come hell or high water. However, there was one problem. A barking dog had made so much noise we had to retreat before the

Courtesy James Sanchez

These are the remains of an old homestead near Raton Springs in New Mexico's Capitan Mountains. This was an area often visited by Billy and his Mexican friends, especially when they stole horses from the Apaches. Billy could have visited this homestead.

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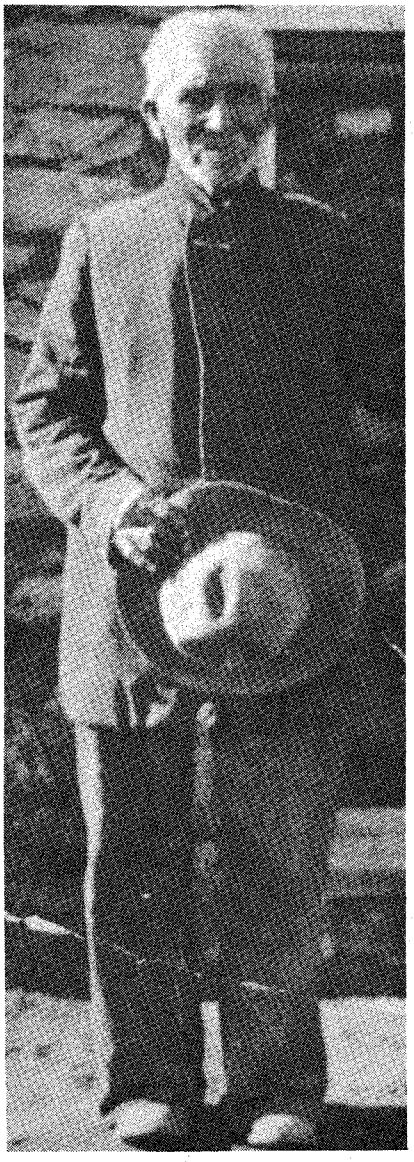

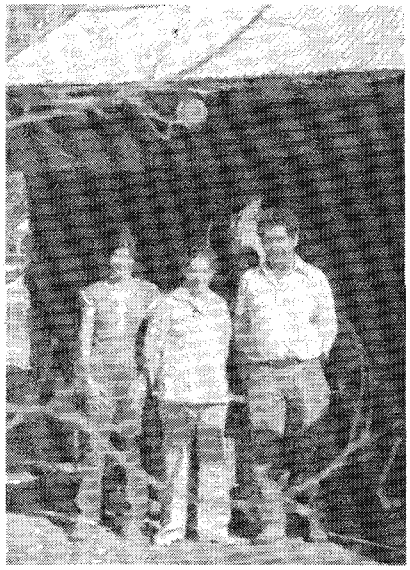

THEY LOVED BILLY THE KID — Clockwise from upper left: Francisco Gomez, who was in Lincoln County War and knew Billy the Kid; the Montoya family taken in front of the Gonzales home in December 1980, from left, Juan Montoya, Eva Gonzales Montoya and daughter, Racquel (Eva was Florencio Gonzales' granddaughter); Florencio Gonzales, probate judge during Lincoln County War, prominent rancher and politician who knew Billy and supposedly helped him; E. P. Gonzales, son of Florencio, and E. P.'s son, Rafael, who died during World War II.

Gomez, courtesy the author;
other photos courtesy Herman Weisner

Apaches discovered us. We waited for a while and then Billy came up with the idea of throwing the animal some extra *sopaipillas* he had in his saddle bag. In this way we crept up to the mule, cut the rope and Billito rode him out of camp.

"From there we drove the stolen stock to a favorite hideout of ours called Raton Springs, in the Capitan Mountains. We stayed around Raton for a few days with Jose Montoya's brother-in-law. From Raton we drove the ponies to Chisum's ranch."

Many times in thoughtful and more serious discussions with his *compadres,* Billy would chide them for their reluctance to stand up to the bully rancheros who were stealing their water or fencing them out. He would tell them in his slightly accented Spanish:

"Oh timid Mexicans, don't be afraid. Listen to the sound of the bullets, the bullets of those gringos say: chee chee cha ree. If you don't kill me, I shall kill thee!"

Later, as the war escalated many Hispanics did take up arms in retaliation for the innumerable wrongs done them since the War of 1848 had dispossessed them and they were now citizens of a new nation whose laws and language were different from their own.

It seemed that wherever Billy was he had an affect on those he came in contact with. When Walter Noble Burns was collecting information for his book about the Kid he was fortunate to have talked with many of the war's survivors. He, like many others, wished to know if Billy had had any children. Though he had never married there were several women he cared about. He preferred the young Mexican girls who seemed to be willing to let this shy young man become a part of their lives.

Undoubtedly many a *seniorita* would liked to have married the lively and fun-loving Billy, even after he was a convicted killer.

According to Lily Klasner, "Bob Olinger was at our home the Sunday before he was killed by Billy the Kid. He spoke of the Kid, but not in an unfriendly way.

"I recall a Mexican girl as having come to the house to see Bob whom she heard was visiting us. She asked him whether or not she should marry the Kid when he was freed. She explained that a law in Old Mexico required that this procedure would save a life and asked if that was true in the territory of New Mexico. Through an interpreter Bob explained that such was not the law

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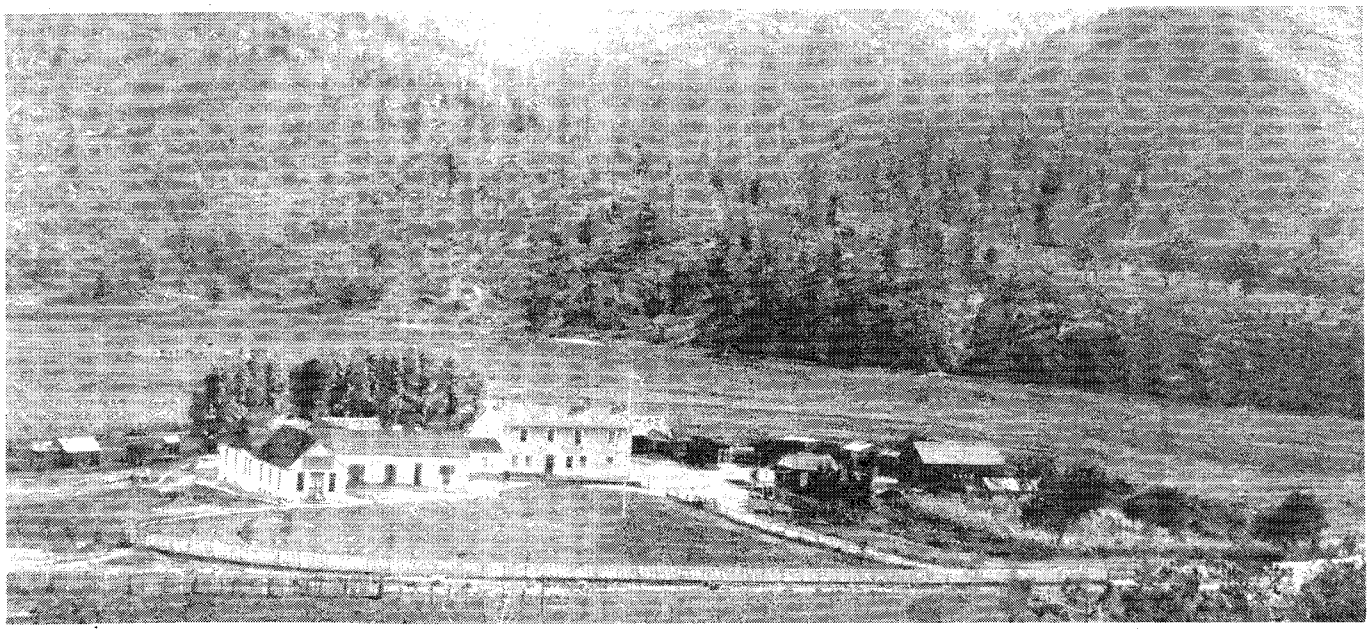

Mescalero Reservation Agency in New Mexico as it looked during the time of Billy the Kid. Billy did not like Indians and often tried to play tricks on them or steal their horses. He was never caught. He was in many skirmishes around this agency.

and that she could not save Billy by that means."

We will never know for certain how many children were born or survived. Burn's private correspondence revealed that he wanted to publish his discoveries but was prevented from doing so by his publisher. Neither wanted legal problems and the subject was dropped.

Area old-timers only smile and nod their heads when asked questions regarding the Kid's offspring. Rumor has it that two little girls died in infancy and a son died in the late 1950s in the San Patricio area. Again, sources decline to identify the family. It is understandable, of course, for no one wanted thrill-seekers invading their privacy.

EVENTUALLY Billy secured employment with J. H. Tunstall, a young Englishman only a few years his senior. Though a rough bunch, Billy gradually began to feel at home with Tunstall's cowhands and they formed a cohesive and friendly group.

Billy was at last "settling in" and realizing not only the security of a full-time job but his ability of making friends found him off visiting or hunting with his newly made *amigos* during his free days.

Billy had finally "come home" until that cold winter morning of February 18, when his *jefe,* John H. Tunstall, was brutally murdered on his way into Lincoln.

Billy was riding behind about 500 yards with a remuda of horses when a posse called out for Tunstall to stop. The young Englishman, versed only in the old-fashioned ways of chivalry, did not fear these men.

Billy found Tunstall's "body laid out neatly, covered with a blanket, and the bloody head was pillowed on his folded overcoat. As a wry and macabre joke on Tunstall's great affection for horses, his dead bay's head was then pillowed on his hat."

Stunned by the tragedy, Tunstall's four companions "left his body where it had fallen. They had all they could do to evade the posse."

Finally they arrived in Lincoln that evening and reported the events to Alexander McSween, Tunstall's partner. Legend says that Billy was one of the pallbearers. Services were bilingual for Tunstall had gained many friends of both the Hispanic and Anglo populations. With the burial of the young and martyred Englishman went Billy's idea of fair play as well as continued employment or stability. Because of this betrayal Billy struck out in anger and his direction was often aimless.

Billy was in constant trouble from the time of Tunstall's murder. The Murphy-Dolan bunch, in collusion with the Santa Fe Ring, needed a scapegoat. Billy found the web of intrigue tightening ever so carefully until it began to choke him. There was no escape.

More than 20 deaths were attributed to Billy but it can only be proven that he killed four men, all of them Anglo and perhaps deserving of their fate.

TIME was running out for Billy. True, he had escaped many a time from various run-ins with the law and he had survived the pitched five-day battle in Lincoln town. But how many lives could he be allowed, the proverbial nine of the cat?

Thinner than ever, he was the quarry and it was beginning to tell. During one of his jail terms he said to a reporter from the Las Vegas Gazette a few days after Christmas 1880:

"There was a big crowd gazing at me yesterday, wasn't there? Well, perhaps some of them will think me half a man now. Everyone thought I was some kind of animal."

Why he returned to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, after his daring escape from Lincoln will always be a matter of debate. After his break-out he hid in the rugged Capitans. There seemed to be a timeless and eternal feeling about these mountains that gave him a sense of security when sheltered by them.

Many Hispanos tell, even today, of a majestic oak tree that holds within its heart a holster and sixgun placed there by Billy. When he escaped from Lincoln that April he had several guns with him. One of these he placed in a small oak growing by the side of the trail. Why no one knows. He never returned to claim it and it is probably still there today, along some lonesome trail in the Capitans.

Billy spent about a month at Lake Thule with one Francisco Lovato. After laying low for this long the thought of lively *bailes* and the companionship of Celsa Gutierrez surely enticed him into Fort Sumner. Author Leon Metz rec-

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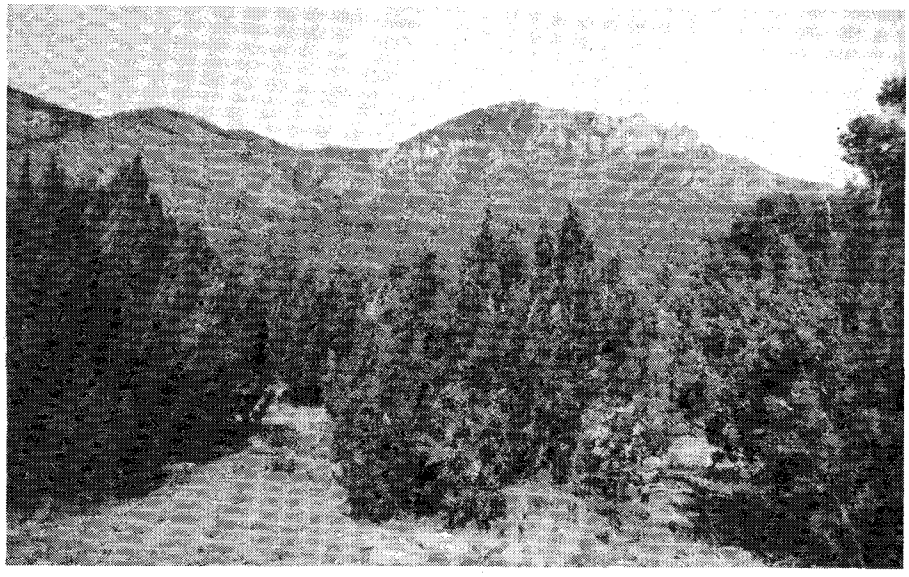

Courtesy the author

These are the rugged Capitan Mountains taken from Raton Springs, New Mexico. It was to these mountains that Billy fled after he escaped for the last time from Lincoln in April 1881. But the lure of a good time in Fort Sumner drew him to his death.

ords that for the charms of Celsa Gutierrez the Kid rode back to Fort Sumner to his doom.

Celsa was one of the Kid's favorite girls and he was on his way into town to see her after a *baile* at the Garcia home (July 14, 1881).

Fort Sumner was a hot and dusty town at best. The July rains had not yet come to quench the burning thirst of the land and as the last shovelful of acid caliche earth covered the plain coffin, the dramatic legend of Billy the Kid was born! It would haunt Billy's killer, Pat Garrett, and others involved until their own deaths.

Billy's funeral was attended by nearly all of the residents of the Mexican-American community. Many cried silent and bitter tears for their Billito. Deluvina Maxwell broke the solemn occasion by crying out angrily but Garrett was used to such emotionalism. He had accepted that as part of his duty as marshal.

CONTROVERSY, hearsay and accounts of the Kid's living elsewhere after that fateful day in July abound. His incredible luck and feats of nerve were recounted and elaborated upon with gusto by the excited citizenry. His life now seemed awesome, even supernatural to some.

As with most folk heroes there is the possibility that the real Billy the Kid was not buried at Fort Sumner that hot and dusty afternoon in 1881.

Perhaps more than any other reason is the fact that there are just too many stories of Billy the Kid being alive to be taken lightly. Some tales are preposterous, but one account should be given precedence. That is the account of Ygenio Salazaar, one of the Kid's closest friends.

Ygenio, whom everyone said was as close to Billy as anyone, rarely talked about his relationship to the Kid. Until his own death he stated that the Kid's murder was a hoax. He also claimed to have received a letter from Billy telling him what had really happened in Fort Sumner and that he was alive and well in his new abode. All of those stories told about him at Fort Sumner were *pura mentira* (all lies).

To further corroborate the story of Billy's letter to Ygenio, in the early 1950s a patient in the hospital at Socorro, New Mexico, also mentioned this letter to another resident of Lincoln who was hospitalized at the time. How he knew about it no one knows but many were surprised that it was remembered because Ygenio had died years before.

The fact that Ygenio talked very little about the adventures he and the Kid had indicated he was trying to protect his friend and that he believed the Kid was alive at least up to the time of his own death.

This belief is even stronger among the Hispanos of Lincoln because of a story told in varying form but containing basically the same theme. It tells of a Catholic missionary's visit to Lincoln in the 1930s.

This priest came to Billy's friends with an account of an old man's confession. This *anciano* lived alone in an isolated cabin in the mountains of California. He claimed that he was really Billy the Kid, that he had escaped from New Mexico, and as his last request wanted the padre to let his friends in Lincoln know the truth!

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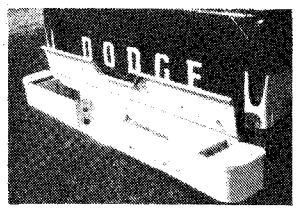

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VENEREAL DISEASES AMONG FRONTIER TROOPS

By CALVIN B. DELAPLAIN Photos courtesy Kansas State Historical Society

VENEREAL diseases are as old as armies themselves. The U. S. Army's statistical records on VD date to 1819, about the same time as the soldiers were moving into the frontier.

Usually each frontier post had at least one of the following: A military surgeon with the rank of major, an assistant surgeon with the rank of captain or an acting assistant (contract) surgeon.

These contract surgeons were private physicians hired each year for "the practice of physic and surgery" in the Army. Their importance to the Army is demonstrated by the fact that in 1866 there were only 75 surgeons and 76 assistant surgeons for a total of 151 active duty physicians, whereas there were 264 contract surgeons.

Colonel William H. Arthur, a military doctor at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, tells what life was like for a military doctor at a typical frontier post:

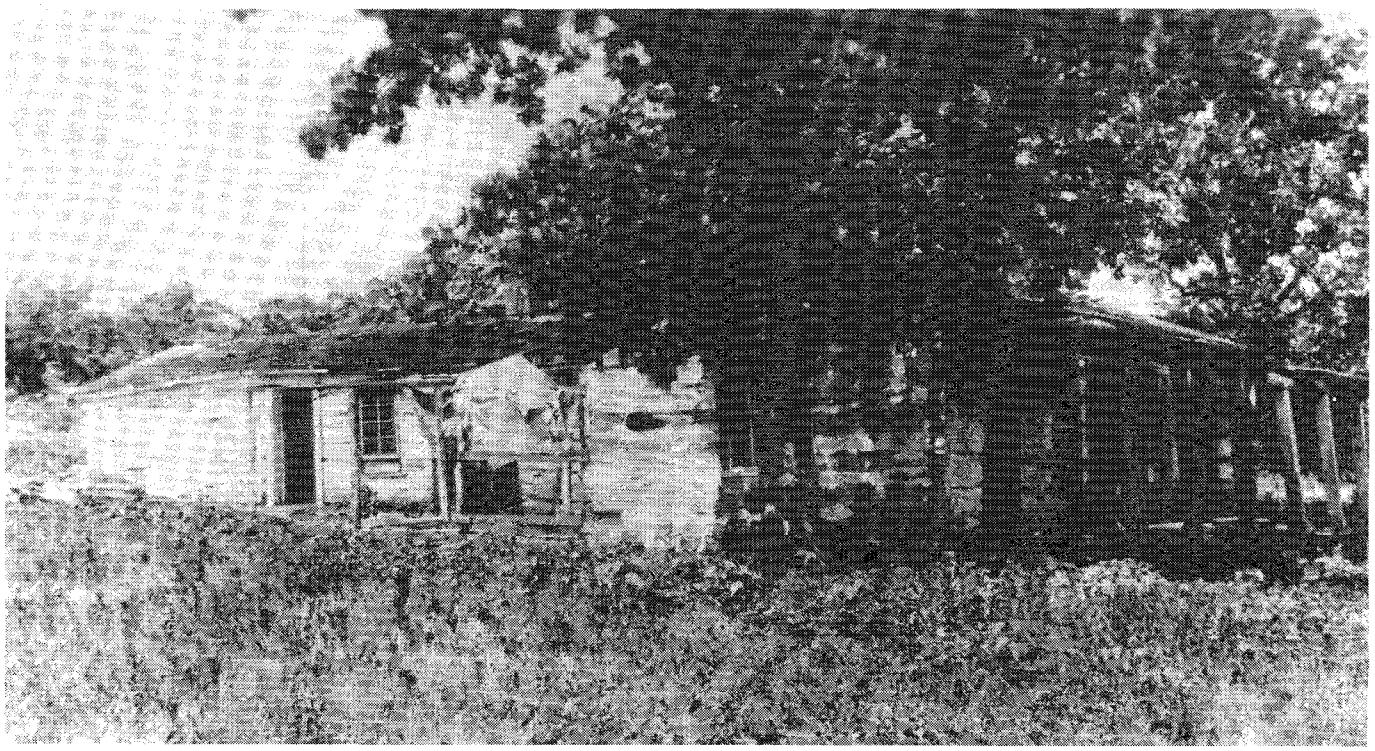
"Fort Washakie was 150 miles from the nearest railroad station.... I was there two years without ever seeing another doctor of any kind and had to give medical care to the small garrison, to all the Indians on the reservation, about 4,000, there being no agency doctor on duty during my stay, and to all the cowboys, miners, and odds and ends of civilians...the surgery was amputations for frost-bite, gunshot wounds, fractures and dislocations. The Indians preferred their own medicine men as a rule and I was not called in to attend a great many of them, though I did see a few almost daily."

The post hospital was typically a log building built by troop labor. It normally contained a 10- to 12-bed ward, an office, dispensary, kitchen and storeroom, all heated by woodburning stoves and lighted by candles. Even under those conditions the frontier soldier usually had better medical care than the average frontier settler. As at Fort Washakie, the army fort usually had the only doctor for miles around.

However, these military physicians were not always held in the highest esteem. One report said: "To tell you the truth, most of the line did not regard them highly; and it was a common saying that they had nothing to do but to confine laundresses and treat the clap."

"Clap" was a term used to mean venereal disease, of which there were three types commonly found on the frontier: Gonorrhea, syphilis, and chancroid. Both gonorrhea and chancroid (often called "blue-balls" due to painful swelling in the groin area) when left untreated would cause disability for weeks to months. But often, if the patient was fortunate, it healed itself, albeit slowly. The disease often caused ugly physical disfiguration and affected other vital organs such as the liver, heart and kidney. The Army's problem was that while few men actually died

Post hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas.



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from the immediate effects of VD, they were incapacitated for long periods of time.

THE Annual Report of the Secretary of War in 1889 shows clearly the impact of VD on the troops at various western posts:

"Fort Custer, Montana, 375 men...was below the average for its admission, but its non-effectives (soldiers not available for duty) numbered 49.58 per thousand in strength, due, as in so many other instances, to venereal diseases which added 10.10 to the rate....

"Fort Grant, Arizona, 274 men...compared with its non-effective rate of 50.76, one-half of which was occasioned by injuries and venereal disease....

"Fort Omaha, Nebraska, 350 men...had the largest non-effective rate in the group, 65.73, owing to rheumatism, bronchitis, injuries and venereal disease in excess of the average.

"...so long as the garrison at Fort Brown (Texas) remains in its proximity to a degraded and diseased class of women so long will these diseases prevail among the men, and so long as a recruiting depot is contained within the limits of a municipality, as at Columbus, Ohio, so long will every fourth man on the sick list be, as during the past year, the subject of these diseases."

IT should be noted that for most of the 19th Century, syphilis and gonorrhea were often confused and even thought of as different manifestations of the same disease. Spirochetes were not discovered until the early 1900s and the Wassermann test was not available until that time.

The medical journals of the day were optimistic about treatments which were well detailed. For gonorrhea, one had the somewhat unpleasant experience of having four antiseptic injections directly into the urethra every 24 hours. These injections were made of potash, bichloride of mercury, and sulphate of quinine. While these injections were not supposed to be painful, the journal said, "the injection could be diluted until it was well tolerated and thereafter the patient would gradually get accustomed to stronger dilutions up to full strength."

The treatment of chancroid did not sound much better as the chancres were usually just cut away, cauterized with heat and then dressed with corrosive-sublimate solution. The end result was to turn the lesion into a "well conditioned wound" capable of rapid healing.

Front Street, Dodge City, Kansas, in 1879.

The basis of syphilic treatment was mercury, usually in the form of injection or "blue pill." Medical personnel were satisfied that if administered in a timely and proper manner it could cure syphilis, but because of the seemingly dormant phases of the disease, doctors were hard pressed to assure a patient that he was cured, no matter how free from the disease he appeared to be.

For those who did not believe in pills or injections and preferred the pure home remedies, they were readily available:

"...Mercurial treatment is being rapidly superseded by the 'simple' method which consists in careful regulation of all the habits of the patient, good hygiene, avoidance of spices, condiments, meat and all stimulating food, and the use of tepid baths and other eliminative treatment."

When the cases were severe (euphemistically called "stubborn"), or the disease progressed to the tertiary stage, the Army had no choice but to discharge the soldier.

VENEREAL diseases are communicable, so every case comes from another case. The most common method of transfer is through sexual intercourse and therein arises the problem of sexual relationships on the frontier, especially the illicit relationships with prostitutes and other available women.

Prostitutes usually collected where large numbers of soldiers were present and the frontier posts were no different. Each post had its own "whiskey ranch" located a few miles from the post boundaries which supplied the soldier with whiskey, gambling tables and women.

The Army was fully aware of the problem as shown by the comments of Assistant Surgeon W. H. Corbusier at Fort Grant, Arizona:

"During the last six months venereal diseases have prevailed at the post and its vicinity to such an extent as to be almost epidemic. Most of the cases at the post have been contracted at the two whiskey ranches located just beyond the limits of the reservation, where a crowd of gamblers and prostitutes, who follow in the wake of the paymaster, congregate every two months to prey upon the enlisted men...."

IT is only proper to note that the frontier had more prostitutes than just those near frontier army posts.

Dr. Samual J. Crumbine in his autobiography, *Frontier Doctor,* mentions matter-of-factly that on his first evening in Dodge City, Kansas, he was taken to the "red light district" by a fellow doctor who was already established there.

After being introduced to the women, Crumbine was told: "Your practice is going to come more from these women

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than from cowboys, and all you need to do is be reasonably friendly and normally human and understanding with them."

Santa Fe, New Mexico, had a particularly bad reputation, probably exaggerated by rumor and hearsay. For instance, Alonzo Ickis, who was a member of Company B of the Second Colorado, was so impressed while visiting in 1862 that he stated, "This is a decidedly fast town by moonlight; the entire city could properly be called a crib, in fact N. M. is but 'von grand crib.'"

The little town near the post of Fort Griffith was affectionately called "Scab Town" in 1877. The prostitutes, while readily available at the whiskey ranches or in the red light districts, were also known to have accompanied the troops on their marches.

Don Rickey Jr., in his *Forty Miles a Day on Beans and Hay,* devotes an entire chapter to "Crime, Vice, and Punishment" in which he comments on these "mobile whorehouses," in this case apparently unofficially sanctioned:

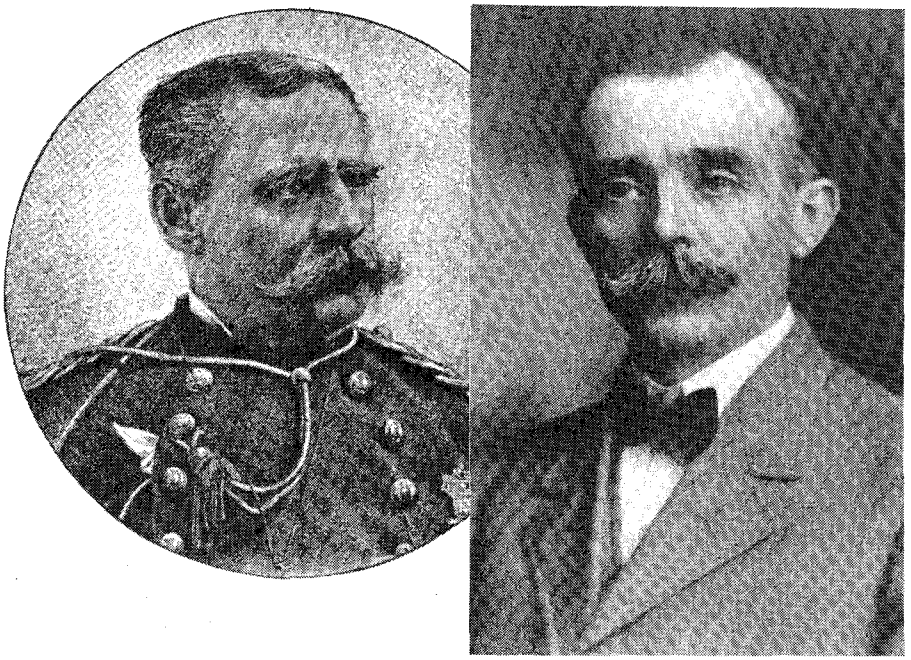
"According to Private John C. Ford, a few accommodating women accompanied his unit on the march, riding in a wagon at the rear of the column. 'Everybody,' said Ford, 'knew this, including the Captain.' Men who had relations with these women were inspected each morning by the doctor."

IN addition to the frontier prostitutes, the Army faced another problem — Indians who were readily available to the soldiers.

"The Head of the Department of Dakota in 1886, Colonel N. A. M. Dudley wrote that 'the class of Indians that settle around a post have a large number of worthless, lewd women along, who are more or less diseased. Two-thirds of the inmates of the post hospital have been placed there by the effects of the disease, contracted with these Indian women.'"

While the soldiers were basically the same as the cowboys, miners and other western types, they were definitely poorer. According to one observer, "...the open range cowboys of the 1880s claimed that 'a prostitute's standing in her profession depended on her clientele and...when a woman went to the dogs, she went to the soldiers, the lowest level in the customer's scale.'"

SO female companionship, especially the undesirable type, was available everywhere on the frontier. The Army was involved in the first effort in the United States to regulate prostitution.



Brigadier General N. A. M. Dudley, left, and Dr. S. J. Crumbine (1909).

It was carried out by Colonel Robert Fletcher of the Surgeon General's Office of the U. S. Army in 1863 in Nashville, Tennessee.

The basic idea was an examination of prostitutes every ten days. It was to protect the troops stationed in Nashville and other soldiers who might be passing through.

The program lasted three years with the following results reported by Colonel Fletcher:

"1. The amount of venereal disease was markedly lessened, so much so that its occurrence came to be looked upon (absurdly, of course) as an imputation on the care of the examining surgeon. 2. The women, who were at first rebellious, became quite reconciled to the system. I have known them to come to the hospital voluntarily to be examined for suspected disease. 3. It was self-supporting, the fees paying the expenses of the hospital."

Unfortunately, there was such a negative reaction that the program, even though successful, had to be abandoned. Opposition to it came from the doctors of divinity, arguing that the licensing of prostitution made the vice that much more attractive and from the general populace who thought the infection and accompanying symptoms were just punishment for the sin.

MORE successful efforts were made at providing the soldier with an alternate form of entertainment. Post commanders were continually requesting the establishment of gymnasiums, bowling alleys and more to occupy the soldiers' free time.

The 1888 report from Fort Grant, mentioned earlier, went on to state "...since the opening of the canteen and bowling alley the men have visited the whiskey ranches less frequently as they have had the means of amusing themselves when off duty without resorting to those dens."

Although originally considered a problem for doctors alone, pressures finally forced commanders to accept more responsibility for what their soldiers did in their free time.

Providing alternatives to this kind of entertainment was the direction that the control measures took until the late 1940s, when the use of antibiotics dramatically reduced the incapacitating effects of venereal disease.

And so it was in those days of the frontier West. To the troop commander trying to keep his unit at fighting strength, VD was no laughing matter. It was a nagging problem that would not go away and could not be controlled. The soldiers' physical urges were simply stronger than the fear of the disease and the treatments of the time. Consequently, the Army was constantly struggling with venereal disease, the most common and widespread illness among the soldiers on the frontier.

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The CRAZIEST TRIAL in CALIFORNIA

By MEGHAN COLLINS
Photos Courtesy of Bancroft Library

IN January 1849, the first criminal trial held at Sutter's Fort got underway and it is a pity Mark Twain was still too young to be on the scene. Its rowdy proceedings could easily be called California's craziest trial.

The affair began seriously enough. By the winter of 1848, the gold-seekers who came by ones and twos in the early spring swelled to a horde. Each man was in a frenzy to dig his fortune from the ground.

At the fort, John Sutter was renting attic sleeping spaces of three by seven feet for a dollar a night. A '49er who stayed there described how the attic stank of smoke and unwashed bodies and how the sleepers rolled around, cried out and SNORED.

Spaces along the inside walls of the fort were also rented as shops to provision the would-be miners. The rainy season was on and men were cranky from being penned up in such crowded quarters. Traders no less than miners were boiling with competitive greed. In such a steam kettle, no wonder a quarrel exploded into violence.

CHARLES E. Pickett was one of the traders who established a shop inside the fort. His rent included the use of an adjoining storeroom. Next door was the shop of another trader, Isaac W. ("White Horse") Alderman. The fort's residents were wary of White Horse. He reportedly killed two men in Oregon before arriving in California.

Because a door from Alderman's shop opened into Pickett's storeroom, Alderman claimed the right to use the storeroom too. Pickett took the case to the fort's *alcalde*, or civil justice, who ruled in Pickett's favor.

White Horse then announced, in effect, that justice be damned, he intended to store his goods wherever he pleased.

Pickett, after obtaining a second favorable judgment from the *alcalde*, proceeded to nail shut the door leading from the storeroom to Alderman's shop. White Horse did not take this kindly. He burst into the storeroom, threatening Pickett with a raised ax. Pickett aimed a shotgun and warned White Horse to halt. White Horse did not halt. Pickett shot him dead.

Since the killing was so clearly in self-defense, Pickett probably would never have been brought to trial if some of his business rivals had not seen their chance to whittle down the competition.

Accounts vary as to who began the trouble for Pickett, but it was later claimed the first demand for a warrant came from Sam Brannan, another trader at the fort. Sam already had shown his talents as a promoter by dashing up San Francisco's Market Street waving a jar of nuggets and shouting, "Gold! Gold from Sutter's Fort!"

Sam Brannan

PICKETT was enraged over what he considered an unjust charge. Fearful of Pickett's shotgun, the first *alcalde*, the second *alcalde* and the sheriff all resigned at once.

Brannan called a meeting at his store just outside the fort's walls. The main purpose was to elect a new *alcalde*, but one after another of those present declined the office. At last, the only man left to name was Brannan, who accepted.

Nominations for prosecuting attorney also went the rounds with no takers, until Brannan accepted that post too. One A. M. Tanner was appointed sheriff and a date was set for the trial. After the meeting, the new sheriff told Pickett to consider himself under arrest.

THE day of the trial, Pickett arrived in court accompanied by his attorney, Payne. Brannan took the chair as judge. The jury, which included Captain Sutter among its members, was selected. Someone made the prudent suggestion that the defendant be disarmed. Pickett obligingly laid his pistol and

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Bowie knife upon the table and declared himself ready for justice.

Now the trial could begin, but first Sheriff Tanner was requested to bring drinks for everyone. On the same table where Pickett's weapons lay, the sheriff set out a pitcher of water and a supply of the fort's famous brandy made from native *pisco* grapes. During the trial, the judge, jury, defendant, his counsel and all spectators freely partook of these refreshments. The brandy proved a heavy favorite over the water.

Someone suggested cigars as a further amenity which caused a spirited debate whether smoking was proper in a serious court where a man was on trial for his life.

The question was submitted to Judge Brannan who soon found a precedent. Californian *senoras* were commonly seen to smoke at bullfights, hangings and other public entertainments — "and inasmuch," ruled His Honor, "as the ladies of California make a practice of smoking, it cannot be out of place anywhere."

Because everyone present was familiar with the events of the shooting, the court agreed not to waste time on an opening statement. The trial, however, soon bogged down in quarrels, owing to Pickett's constant interruptions to question witnesses. Every time he did so, Payne would command him to be quiet and let counsel handle the case. Their spats seemed to grow more frequent in direct ratio to the number of times the sheriff was called upon to pass the brandy.

By the time the prosecution closed, it was after midnight. Captain Sutter had wrapped himself in his Mexican *serape* and gone to sleep leaning against a wall. One of the defense witnesses was testifying as to the bad character of the late White Horse, referring to the two men he had killed in Oregon.

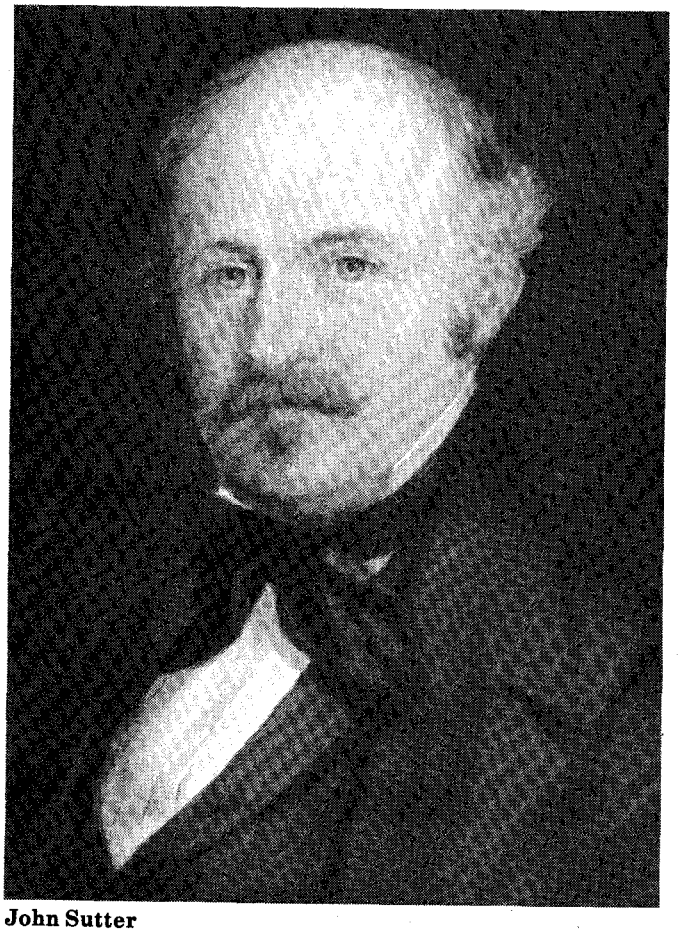
Sutter came out of his doze, rose to his feet and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, the man is dead; he has atoned for his faults, and I will not sit here and hear his character traduced."

Sutter, who clearly had not held aloof from the brandy jug, then started to march out of the room and was only with difficulty coaxed to resume his place.

When all the evidence was in, Judge Brannan began to sum up for the prosecution.

"Hold on, there, Brannan," cried Pickett. "This won't do. You are the judge, not the prosecuting attorney."



John Sutter

"I know I am the judge," replied Brannan, "and I am the prosecuting attorney too."

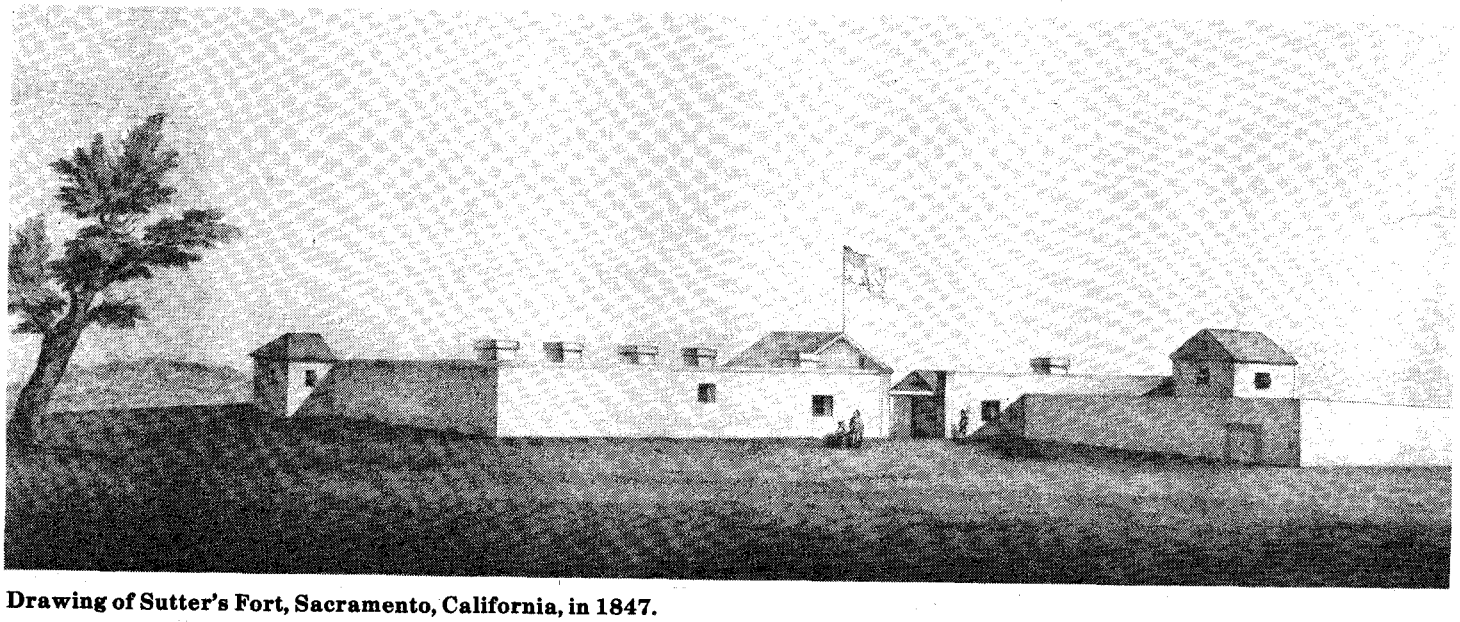
"All right," said Pickett. "Go ahead then."

By now defense attorney Payne was too drunk to be of any further use. Pickett therefore tossed off another brandy and gave a strong summation on his own behalf for he was an able speaker.

Although the jury could not agree on a verdict that night, they did agree toward dawn that it was time to go to bed.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the judge, "the prisoner is remanded to your custody."

"What am I to do with him?"



Drawing of Sutter's Fort, Sacramento, California, in 1847.

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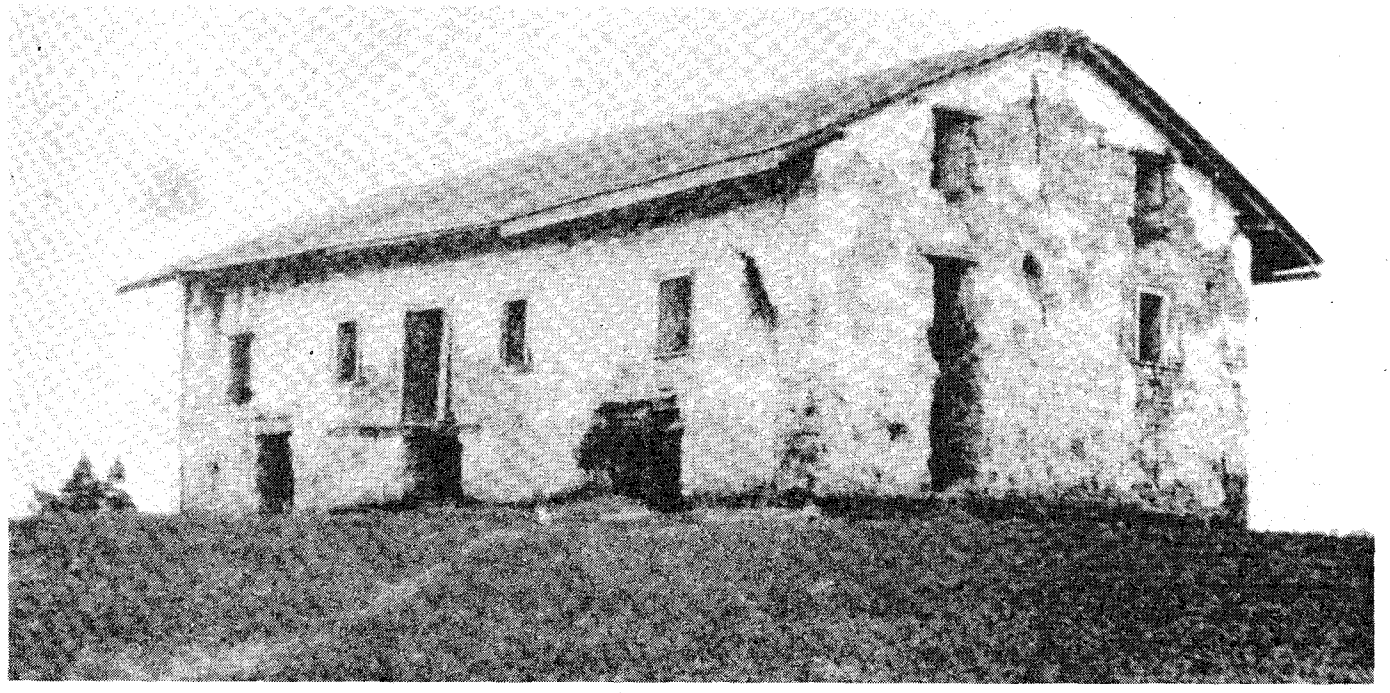
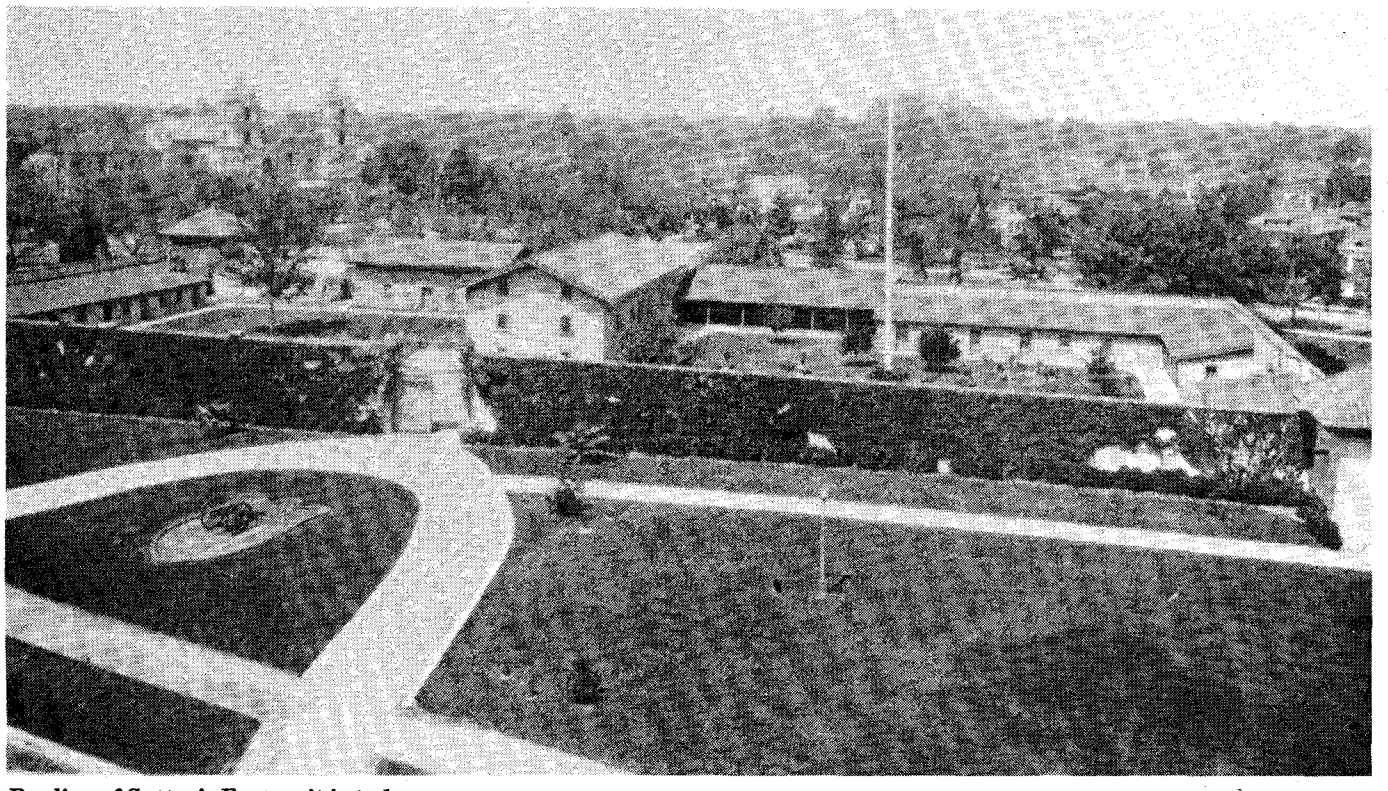


Sutter's Fort before restoration.



Replica of Sutter's Fort as it is today.

"Put him in close confinement."

"I have no place to put him in."

"Put him in chains, then."

"I have none of those either."

After much wrangling, the night ended in a vote by all present (for by now even the spectators felt free to join in) to admit the defendant to bail. Two of the jurors became Pickett's bondsmen. He collected his knife and pistol and left the court.

In the morning, the court reconvened to face a hung (and very hungover) jury. Four votes were for acquittal, three for manslaughter, and five for wilful murder. The jury was therefore discharged.

Later, in a second and perhaps more sober trial, Pickett was acquitted. He afterward returned to his former occupation of newspaper publisher and became one of California's busiest political pamphleteers. He liked to call himself "Philospher" Pickett on the grounds that government should be guided by philosophers.

But it might also be said that a trial like the one he endured at Sutter's Fort would be enough to make a philosopher out of anyone.

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The Answer Man

Indian Scalp Robe. In the June issue of TRUE WEST, I responded to a question about an Indian scalp robe saying that I believed the Indian was Quanah Parker although I said I had nothing official to confirm this.

Since then I have received letters from readers who know of the Indian scalp robe and it is universally acknowleged that while an Indian chief in Oklahoma had such a robe, it was not the famous Quanah Parker.

Charles Yohe, 6000 Pinemount, Apt. 3207, Houston, TX 77092, writes that he received a letter from an F. D. Peveler in 1979 in which the latter wrote:

I remember them telling about old Chief Gotebo. At the first centennial celebration there was to be a big parade. Word got in that Chief Gotebo would be there wearing his scalp robe. Grandpa hitched up his buggy and went out to see the old Kiowa chief and tried to reason with him, to no avail. Finally, Grandpa told him that if he wore the robe into town that he'd guarantee him that he wouldn't get the first block. He didn't show up!

Yohe said that he saw a scalp robe at Hobart, Oklahoma, where the Kiowas were but the officers got to the Indian who was wearing it before he was mobbed. Said Yohe, "I don't know what they did with the Indian as I was a very small boy and coming home from school."

It would thus appear that there were several Indians who had scalp robes.

Jackson Hole Outlaw. Columbus "Lum" Nickerson was an outlaw with Jim Robinson and Ed Harrington, alias Ed Trafton, in the Jackson Hole area of Wyoming in the 1880s. Timothy Mangham, 8989 Park Meadows Dr., Elk Grove, CA 95624 is interested in Nickerson because Nickerson was his great-uncle.

Of the three outlaws, Harrington is best-known. In late May 1887, the three stole cattle from a rancher named Lapham in the Teton Basin of Idaho. Within a short time Lapham and a posse caught up with the outlaws.

In the ensuing gun battle, Robinson was mortally wounded. The remaining two were jailed but managed to escape after Mrs. Nickerson smuggled a gun into their cell. Not long after they both were recaptured. Nickerson received a short term but Harrington got 25 years.

Harrington, alias Trafton, lived a life of crime and spent many years in prison. He was born in 1854 and claimed to have fought Indians and scouted for the cavalry. He even claimed to have ridden with Buffalo Bill. He also bragged that Owen Wister modeled the hero of *The Virginian* after him, but more likely it was the villain Trampas — note name similarity with the alias of "Trafton."

Harrington's obituary called him "a noted big game hunter and one of the most picturesque characters the Old West ever produced."

Perhaps his only respectable work was being the first U. S. mail carrier in Wyoming's Teton Basin. In 1910, he was in Denver following the death of his father. His mother entrusted a large sum of insurance money to him to deposit in a bank. But it never got there. Harrington said he was robbed. Even his mother did not believe him.

For this, he was sent to the Colorado State Penitentiary. In 1914, he was out. Several Yellowstone Park tourist coaches were robbed. Trafton got only $1,000 and a free trip to the Leavenworth prison. But he had held up more stages in a single day than any other robber — including Black Bart!

He came out of Leavenworth a weakened man and died in Los Angeles on Aug. 20, 1922.

Mrs. Hickok's First Husband. James Butler "Wild Bill" Hickok met Agnes Lake in 1871 and married her on March 5, 1876. But Wild Bill was not

(continued on page 40)

Columbus "Lum" Nickerson in his saloon in Victor, Idaho circa 1900.

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Asle Sorbel

But for the heroic efforts of may have eluded officers bank robbery.

By CHUCK PARSONS

The Boy Who Turned

ASLE Oscar Sorbel is not a name that has gone down in history. But it should have. Asle, only a teenager at the time, is primarily responsible for capturing the outlaws who staged one of the most famous bank robberies in history at Northfield, Minnesota.

To protect the youngster and his family from outlaw reprisals, the name was changed by the media. Only recently has the entire story been put together.

ON the morning of Sept. 21, 1876, two rough and miserable-looking men stopped at the house of Ole Sorbel, a native Norwegian immigrant, whose farm was on the north bank of Linden Lake in Linden township near Madelia, Minnesota.

The two "tramps" asked Mrs. Sorbel for breakfast but they were told honestly that breakfast was not yet ready. She informed them that if they wanted to wait outside they could.

Not being able to wait, the two accepted some bread and butter and headed off into the heavy timber. If they *had* exercised patience, waited politely and perhaps offered to chop some wood in exchange for the meal, the end to their story might have been different. And their story that they were hunters, to explain their weaponry, might not have aroused suspicions.

But while the elder Sorbels were unruffled by the appearance of these two men, their actions did not seem right to teenage Asle Sorbel. Talk in nearby Madelia for many days had centered on the robbery of the bank at Northfield, Minnesota, about 65 miles northeast of Madelia. Young Sorbel suspected these two "hunters" were really the escaping bank robbers and his first thoughts were to alert Brown County Sheriff James Glispin.

Fate almost intervened to save the desperate band of men fleeing from posses from Northfield. Ole Sorbel refused to let his son go running into town to warn the sheriff. The boy had the cows to milk!

The Sorbels had raised their son to be obedient, so he did the best he could, finishing the milking of one cow. Then Asle rode — Paul Revere style — into Madelia to sound the alarm.

As a result, the three notorious Younger brothers were captured after a blazing gun battle and Sorbel, known by another name, emerged a hero. Sorbel told his story to a reporter from the Mankato, Minnesota, Weekly Review,

This is the Ole Sorbel home near Madelia, Minnesota, where the Northfield bank robbers asked for breakfast.

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17-year-old Asle Sorbel, the Youngers following the Northfield, Minnesota

Photos from the Chuck Parsons Collection except where noted

in the Younger Gang

which appeared on Sept. 26, five days after the capture. Since Norwegian was the language spoken in the home and young Sorbel was not proficient in English, the reporter may have had to do some of the phrasing. Here's what Sorbel said:

"I told father as soon as they passed, 'there is the robbers.' He said it wasn't, that I should go and milk, as he had so much to do; had rained, and he wanted to get hay in. I milked one cow, dropped the pail and ran to tell the neighbors.

"Father hallowed to me and said if it was the robbers they would shoot me. When they were out of sight I went to Matt Owens, and asked if he saw some men passing. He said he hadn't. I looked in the road to see if there were any tracks, but couldn't see any.

"I went to Gilbert Christenson's house. Went upon the roof of Anderson's house and looked all around, but didn't see them. Then got down and went upon a high hill, looked all around and didn't see anything. Was early in the morning and no folks out. Went home. Father and mother told me that there had been two more while I was away.

"I went to go to Owens and tell them there were four. Father wouldn't let me — said they might shoot me so I sent one of my sisters over. Asked for a horse to go to town, but he wouldn't let me have it. Then father said if I would go to the east road so they could not see me, he would let me have one.

"The horses were on the wagon, unhitched them, took harness off, took one and went through our field and through one of Torre Olson's, hallowed to his folks that the robbers were around, went on to town. Ran him (the horse) all I could. About mile and half from town the horse fell down, and I fell off in the mud.

"Went first to Vaught's hotel, and hallowed that 'robbers are around' and 'if you want to make money, got to hurry up.' Men started up and I lent horse to a man to go after the robbers and rode back home in a wagon.

"The man would hardly get him back. The horse was so fat you could hardly feel his ribs and I rode him too fast going to town. The distance by road is 8 to 10 miles, and rode it in an hour. The roads were very bad."

FORTUNATELY, the Madelia townspeople responded quickly to Sorbel's call and within minutes Sheriff Glispin and others were rushing on horseback and in wagons to the area where the outlaws were spotted. Many went along not so much with the idea of capturing the criminals but for the excitement.

After the search began, the outlaw quartet — cold, hungry, exhausted and wounded — were first glimpsed at the right outlet from Hanska Lake some six miles west of Madelia. Glispin called on them to surrender, but was shot at in reply. A posse member's horse also was shot in this initial exchange.

Since the robbers had been unsuccessful in stealing horses earlier that morning, they were on foot. They entered a slough which was impassable to the posse's horses.

Glispin ordered his men to surround the slough while he led a group into it. In a pocket formed by a bend of the Watonwan River, in a dense thicket of willows and plum trees, the robbers were cornered. Although there were about 50 men in Glispin's group, when he called for volnteers to enter the thicket, only six responded: William M. Murphy, who achieved the rank of captain in the late Civil War; Thomas L.

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

Charles Pitts

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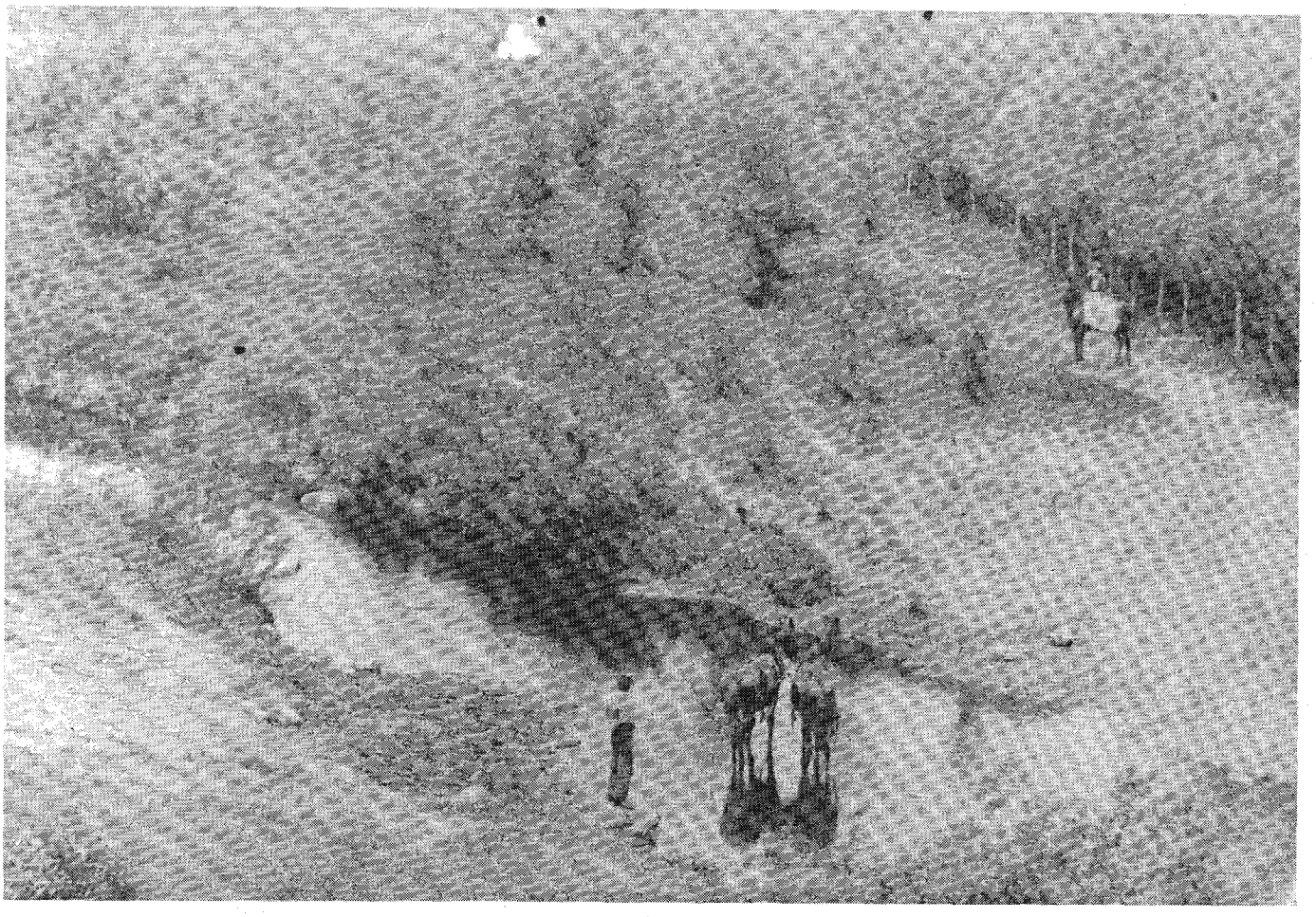
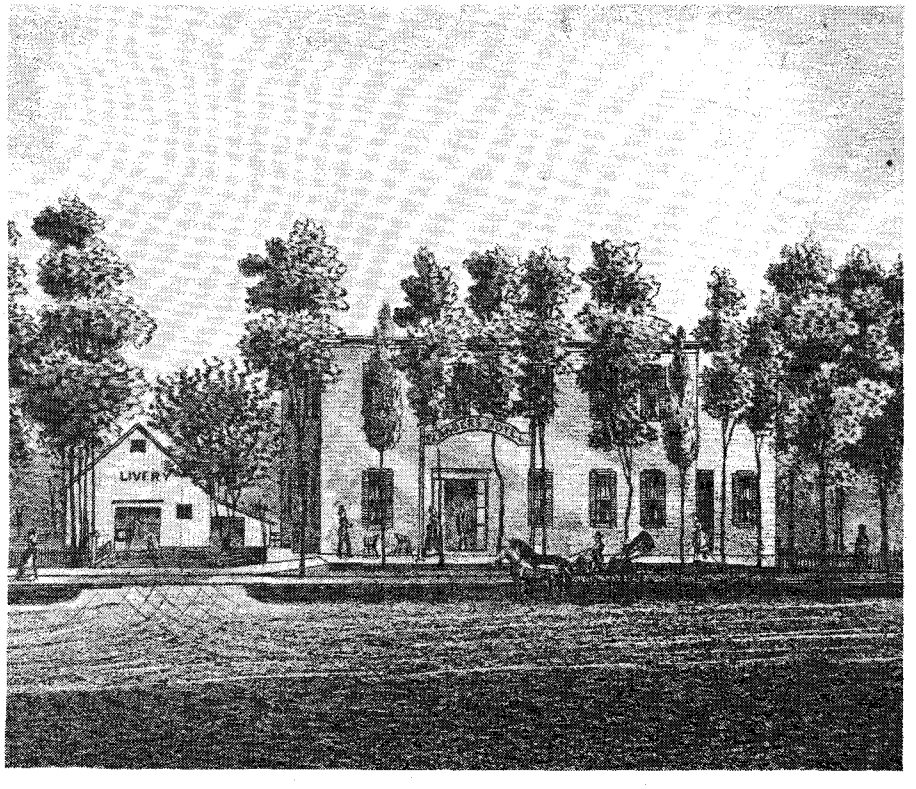


Above is a view of the site where the Northfield bandits were captured, about six miles west of Madelia, Minnesota. Below is the Flanders Hotel in Madelia, where young Asle Sorbel first gave the alarm.



Vaught, proprietor of Flanders House in Madelia and war veteran; James Severson, a resident of nearby St. James; Charles A. Pomery, George A. Bradford and Benjamin M. Rice.

Glispin and the half dozen men formed a skirmish line four paces apart. When about 15 feet from where the four robbers were hiding, one of the robbers fired at Glispin. Glispin answered with a shot and dropped down. The others in the posse believed their leader had been hit and they opened fire.

The outlaws apparently did not realize the strength of Glispin's party or believed they could still bluff their way out. One yelled "charge on them boys!" But Glispin answered with a yell of his own: "Stand ready boys and give it to them!"

"I SURRENDER. They are all down but me," yelled Bob Younger and the battle was over. The Youngers had never been in the hands of the law before and they now believed their situation desperate. Each had been wounded several times: Bob had a dangerous wound in his chest; Jim had five wounds and Cole had eleven.

With them was George or Samuel

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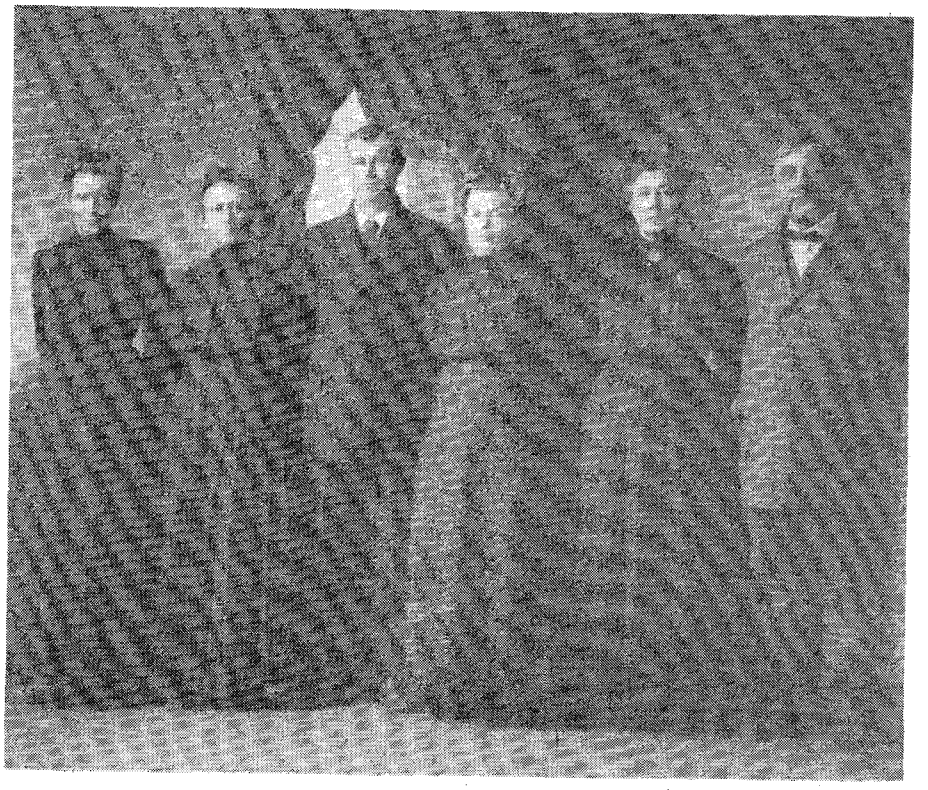
Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

Above are some members of the posse which formed in Madelia to track down the Younger brothers. They are standing in front of the Flanders Hotel. Below are Asle Sorbel, right, and his five siblings, taken a few years after the robbery.



Wells, alias Charlie Pitts. He was dead, killed by Glispin's first shot. Since he alone was killed, a little about Pitts is necessary.

He was a grubby, stubby bearded man considered hard-looking. His description summed him up:

"He has a narrow forehead and villainous mug generally."

Pitts was shot through the heart and except for having been killed with the Youngers had made no account of his life.

He was not the only gang member to be killed because of this raid on the Northfield bank. In Northfield, two gang members were killed in the street — Clell Miller and William Stiles, alias Chadwell. Inside the bank, Joseph Lee Heywood, the bank teller, was killed. Another bank employee, Alonzo E. Bunker, was severely wounded. A bystander, Nicholas Gustavson, was mortally wounded, shot down in the street because he, an immigrant from Sweden, did not understand the Missouri-accented command of "Get out of the way!"

The remaining six brigands in the gang managed to escape from Northfield, although all were wounded. Two of the six almost certainly were Frank

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PRINCIPALS IN THE NORTHFIELD BANK ROBBERY

Principals in the capture of the Younger gang near Madelia, Minnesota, on Sept. 21, 1876. Gang members, including Frank and Jesse James who escaped, had held up a bank in Northfield, Minnesota, about 60 miles northeast of Madelia. Photos show, clockwise from top, Joseph Lee Heywood, bank teller who was killed; Sheriff James Glispin, who led the capture of the gang; Bob Younger; Charlie Pitts; Jim Younger, Cole Younger and Asle Sorbel, who gave the alarm. In center are bodies of outlaws William Stiles alias Bill Chadwell and Clell Miller, both of whom were killed in the robbery. Pitts was killed in the capture shootout. The three Youngers survived serious wounds and were sent to prison. The Northfield bank robbery attempt devastated the James-Younger gang though Jesse and Frank James continued their criminal career for many years.

Courtesy Minnesota Historical Society

and Jesse James. They left their companions and made it back to Missouri on their own, there to nurse their wounds and plan to recoup the gang's losses.

THE three Youngers and Pitts continued south. Two weeks later they were only about 70 miles from Northfield. Their progress was slowed by their painful wounds, the necessity of having to travel at night and having to steal horses or walk. Every hour they became weaker and even nature seemed to conspire against them. Heavy rains transformed the area into a rain-soaked mudland.

The Youngers, rough men used to rough ways, fully expected to be lynched. This quick justice had been handed out to several of their companions in the past. But Glispin and his posse now promised them protection and threatened to shoot the first man to harm them.

One aspect of the Younger brothers' capture has escaped notice from most historians. Charles Armstrong was among the many who gawked at the dead Pitts and captured Youngers. He kept a diary of what he saw and heard that day.

After their weapons had been taken from them, Armstrong wrote of the robbers, a man identified as Willis Bundy came up and shot Jim Younger in the chin, giving him a painful wound. Later at the Flanders House in Madelia, while photographs were taken, Armstrong overheard Cole Younger say:

"I want you to tell these people that I think your sheriff and the posse are brave men excepting one, who after we had surrendered and thrown down our guns and I was the only one standing, Willis Bundy, one of the posse shot my brother Jim, who was lying on the ground, in the chin, a cowardly thing to do and if I live to be a free man, I will hunt that man down and kill him."

Cole never made good on his threat. Glispin never punished Bundy and it is unknown why.

Nine weapons were taken from the four robbers, one a small revolver belonging to assistant bank cashier Alonzo E. Bunker. The posse members divided the weapons among themselves as souvenirs.

SEVERAL members of the posse were wounded. Bradford's wrist had been grazed by a bullet as he raised his rifle to fire his first shot. Severson was grazed by a bullet also. Another bullet struck Murphy in the side after glancing off a briar root pipe in his pocket.

Although all the Youngers were wounded, Jim probably suffered the most. The bullet, supposedly fired by Bundy, entered the center of his upper jaw and carried away nearly half of his upper jaw bone. Several teeth were lost when the broken pieces of bone were removed.

When the surviving trio comprehended they would not suffer from lynch law they became quite communicative. Cole talked a great deal about dying and pretended great seriousness and desire to repent. He told Captain Murphy that if he hadn't been in the bank robbing business he would have become a preacher.

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Cole also claimed he was against the robbery from the beginning. The others had voted for it and he merely went along with the plan because he didn't want to be left out with his brothers involved. He blamed the raid's failure in part on the fact that several of the men had been drinking whiskey shortly before the raid started.

Jim's wound prevented him from talking, but Bob Younger had this to say (suggesting he was the more introspective of the trio):

"I used to think I could use those revolvers, but I am not so sure of it now.... I do not attempt to deny my own part in the affair. I was one of the number who went into the bank. It is not for me to say who shot the cashier; the parties there could probably tell him should they see him.

"But it was a bad piece of business, and very foolish. It was not our intention to kill anyone. It of course would do no good to kill the cashier, because then we couldn't get into the vault anyway. Of course I cannot say what the motives of the man were when he shot, but I suppose he thought that the cashier was reaching down under his desk for his revolver."

When asked of the dead cashier Heywood's bravery, Bob replied: "Well, I don't know. I think it was more fear than bravery."

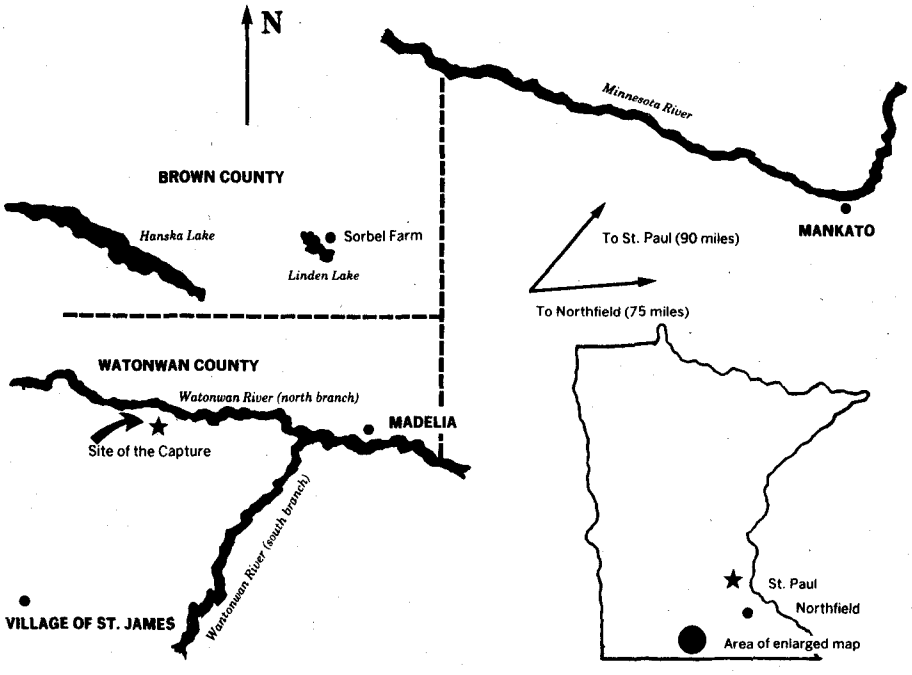
Strangely the suggestion made by Bob, that the people in the bank, Bunker and Wilcox, could probably identify who shot Heywood, was apparently not acted upon. At least it has never been reported that any of the Northfield citizens could say with certainty who shot Heywood.

Guri and Ole Sorbel, parents of Asle Sorbel who gave the alarm. Ole wanted his son to stay and milk the cows!

One of many Minnesota citizens who became a robber hunter was E. F. Everitt. By trade he was a photographer but the only time he caught up with the robbers was after their capture. It was his photographs which became famous almost overnight. He made at least two portraits of the posse standing on the steps of the Flanders House. Several photos were taken of the Younger brothers, both before and after their wounds were cleaned. Unfortunately no photo was made of the three brothers in a group. At least two were taken of the dead Pitts, one with shirt on and the other stripped to the waist showing the wounds.

Pitts and Chadwell had reputations as notorious horse thieves and both lost their lives by joining the James-Younger gang. The lawmen of the day believed the pair had their headquarters in the neighborhood of Fort Scott. They were suspected of being involved in a bank robbery earlier that year at Baxter Springs, Kansas. Pitts was also suspected of having killed the sheriff of Ray County, Missouri, about three years previously.

REWARDS of thousands of dollars for the Northfield robbers brought out hundreds of bounty hunters. Curiously the seven who risked their lives and actually captured the four received very little. The seven-man posse, plus some 35 others and Sorbel received $46.25 each (although posse man Severson moved away by the time the rewards were issued and missed out). The same six and Sorbel also received $200 each from the Northfield bank. Thirty-five



NORTHFIELD BANK ROBBERY AREA

(continued on page 59)

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This Texas Outlaw Had Nine Lives

By ROBERT K. DeARMENT

THE OUTLAW TRAIL OF DAN BOGAN

FOR seven years in the 1880s western peace officers were kept busy dogging the trail of a young cowboy-turned-desperado from Hamilton County, Texas. Changing names as he changed locales, the youthful outlaw was wanted for cattle rustling and involvement in several shootings. Tough as he was to catch, he was as difficult to hold once caught. On at least four occasions he escaped custody after arrest, finally disappearing with a death sentence and a $1,000 reward on his head.

His first difficulty with the law occurred in May, 1881, when he was indicted under his original name of Dan Bogan as accessory to the murder of a man named "Doll" Smith on the streets of Hamilton, Texas. Bogan and another young firebrand named Dave Kemp got into an argument with Smith. Guns were drawn and shots fired. Smith fell to the street, mortally wounded. Kemp, who evidently had fired the fatal shots, backed off from the approaching sheriff, snapping his empty pistol. He backed into the arms of a big fellow named Tom Moss who picked him off the ground and shook him until he dropped the gun.

Kemp was charged with murder and Bogan was named as an accessory. At a trial in Gatesville, Kemp was convicted and heard the judge intone a sentence of death by hanging. He went berserk. Knocking aside his guards, he charged through the crowded courtroom and leaped out of the second story window. The fall broke both of his ankles and he was subdued before he could escape by horseback. His sentence was later reduced to life in prison and still later he was pardoned by the governor.

Kemp drifted to New Mexico and ran a gambling house in a new boom camp called Phenix. When Eddy County was organized in 1889, he got appointed sheriff and named Walker Bush, another hardcase from Hamilton County, Texas, as his chief deputy.

Together Kemp and Bush controlled crooked gambling and prostitution in the new county until elections were held and a new regime took over. In 1896, Kemp shot and killed Les Dow, a respected New Mexico lawman, but escaped conviction on a plea of self-defense. He later returned to Texas where his violent career came to an end in the 1930s when he was shot to death by his sister.

Dan Bogan Escaped

Dan Bogan also made a desperate bid for freedom at his trial for the Doll Smith killing in 1881, but, with characteristic impetuosity, he did not wait to hear a verdict. As the twelve jurors, having completed their deliberations, filed back into the courtroom, Bogan suddenly jerked a sixshooter from the holster of one of his guards and began firing. In the pandemonium he leaped through a window, jumped astride a horse and made good the first of his daring escapes.

He went to the remote Canadian River Valley in the Texas Panhandle and took a job as a cowhand. With the new country came a new name: He was known as "Bill

Illustrations by Stuart Weiss

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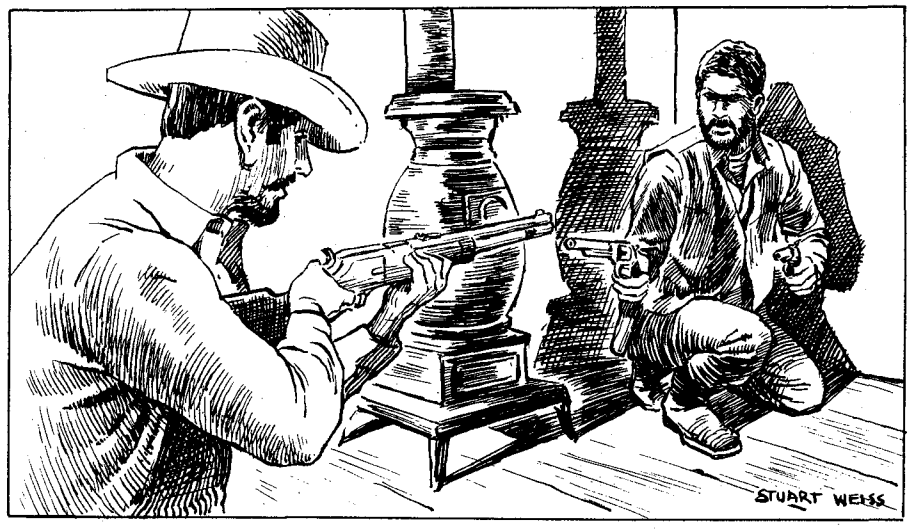
Gatlin" during the years he spent as a cowboy in and around Tascosa. Many of the punchers working the ranches there had dark and unsavory pasts and few questions were asked of the newcomer. Even the general manager of the big LX ranch, W.C. Moore, was known as "Outlaw Bill" and it was common knowledge around the campfires that there were murder warrants out for him in California and Wyoming.

Bogan, or Gatlin as he was now called, fitted in well with these hardbitten types. Charlie Siringo, who at the time was cowboying for the LX, and who, in later years as a Pinkerton detective would stalk Bogan, recalled that "he was liked by all the cowboys around Tascosa, including myself."



Wages for cowboys on the Panhandle during these years was $25 a month. In March 1883, a group of cowboys under the leadership of Tom Harris, foreman of the LS ranch, issued a written ultimatum to the owners demanding an increase to $50 a month for cowhands and cooks and $75 for crew bosses. One of the signers of this document was Bill Gatlin. Some 200 cowboys agreed to strike against the ranch owners on April 1, but after about a month some began to defect and the only cowboy strike in history ended in failure.

Gatlin, who had been one of the strike ringleaders, was blacklisted and unable to find work. He rode to Wilbarger County and signed on as a drover with a trail herd from the Stephens and Worsham R2 ranch. Trail boss Dan Gipson was taking 1,800 Texas longhorns north to Kansas.

According to T.J. Burkett, who also made that drive, Gatlin was a valuable addition to the crew. When a thunderstorm struck one night spooking the herd, Gatlin alone managed to hold 600 head, preventing them from joining the general stampede. Outside Dodge City, Kansas, the drovers made camp awaiting arrival of another 1,500 head of R2 cattle. One night some of the boys rode into Dodge, filled up on bad liquor and attempted to hurrah the town. Officers pursued them and killed a cowboy named John Briley.

When the second outfit arrived, the herds were combined and driven on to Deer Trail, Colorado. On Sept. 25, 1883, the 3,500 longhorns were sold. The trail hands who had been in the saddle for four months nursing that herd went to Denver and celebrated for three days.

Dan Bogan, alias Bill Gatlin, returned to the Texas Panhandle where he found that animosity between the large ranchers and the cowboys who had instigated the strike still rankled. Tom Harris and other blacklisted cowboys had organized what was called the Get Even Cattle Company and were burning unmarked calves with their own brands.

Gatlin entered into the conspiracy with enthusiasm. He registered two brands, the K-Triangle under the name of W.A. Gatlin and the Tabletop in partnership with Wade Woods. Both were designed to make easy the altering of existing Canadian River Valley brands. The Tabletop, a rectangle with four extended legs, was considered a classic "maverick" brand. Almost all the established brands of the district could be converted into a Tabletop.

As the depredations of Gatlin and other rustlers became evident to the large ranch owners, retaliation was inevitable. Pat Garrett, former sheriff of Lincoln County, New Mexico, and the man celebrated for breaking up Billy the Kid's gang of outlaws, was commissioned to organize a force of rangers to drive the maverickers from the Panhandle country.

During the summer of 1884 Garrett's men, with the help of cowboys from the LS, LIT and other large ranches, confiscated cattle showing "outlaw" brands wherever they could be found. On one occasion they drove 33 head of Tabletop cattle into Tascosa where they were butchered and sold in a meat market.

Bill Gatlin went to H.H. Wallace, a Tascosa lawyer, demanding reparations. Wallace threatened Oldham County officials with a $25,000 suit for damages. Unless Gatlin was satisfied, he said, criminal action would be started against the county commissioners for illegal seizure. Frightened, the county officials settled the claim for $800.

A grand jury meanwhile was hearing charges brought by the ranchers against the outlaw cowboys and in the fall of 1884, it handed down 159 bills of indictment, mostly for cattle theft.

Armed with the indictments, Garrett and his "Home Rangers," Barney Mason, George Jones, Ed King, Charlie Reason, Lon Chambers, Bill Anderson, John Land, Al Perry and G.H. "Kid" Dobbs, began a sweep of the Canadian

Courtesy Denver Public Library

Pinkerton Detective Charlie Siringo who trailed Dan Bogan, alias Bill McCoy.

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Courtesy Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum

Pat Garrett, seated right and Jim East, seated left, are shown with people from Tascosa, Texas. Garrett had been called to head a force of "Home Rangers" to stop the outlaws. Oldham County Sheriff East ran Dan Bogan to ground.

River Valley. They made no secret of their comings and goings as Garrett wanted to avoid confrontation and possible bloodshed. A general rustler exodus began.

However, Bill Gatlin, Wade Woods and Charlie Thompson, three of the men for whom Garrett held warrants, sent word that they would not be driven out. In February 1885, Garrett learned that the three defiant cowboys were holed up at the Howry Cattle Company headquarters, about 40 miles west of Tascosa. Garrett's Rangers, together with Oldham County Sheriff Jim East, started for the site, a rock house at Red River Springs, just over the New Mexico line. They rode all night through a snowstorm with Kid Dobbs, who had hunted buffalo throughout the country, acting as guide.

At dawn the posse cautiously approached the house. They were discovered by a cowboy named Bob Bassett who was gathering firewood. Bassett ran to the house, shouting a warning. Tom Harris emerged and angrily demanded to know why the officers were skulking about.

Garrett said they had warrants for Gatlin, Woods and Thompson and wanted no trouble with anyone else. Woods was not present, Harris told him, but Gatlin and Thompson were inside. Upon Garrett's assurance that they would not be molested, nine cowboys filed out, leaving only Gatlin and Thompson within the building.

Garrett called for them to come out quietly. Charlie Thompson stepped out of the doorway in his shirtsleeves and, shivering in the cold, conversed for several minutes with Jim East. The sheriff had cowboyed with both Thompson and Gatlin and believed they would trust him.

When Thompson requested permission to go back inside to get his coat, East consented. Once inside, however, Thompson slammed the door closed and shouted that he would stand and fight beside Bill Gatlin.

East pleaded with the young cowboy to give up, submit to arrest and stand trial. There was a good chance, he argued, that the cattle-theft charges would not hold up in court. If Thompson insisted on fighting he would surely die. Finally, East's arguments changed Thompson's mind and he came out with hands held high.

Bill Gatlin, now alone in the house, taunted the officers, challenging them to try to take him. Sheriff East and Pat Garrett took turns arguing with the hotheaded cowboy, alternately threatening and beseeching him to come out and avoid gunplay.

Both lawmen must have been struck by the similarity to another situation four years earlier when, outside another snowswept stone cabin on another New Mexico creek, they had bargained with another holed-up outlaw named Billy. In December 1880, Garrett, East and Lon Chambers were members of the posse that trapped Billy the Kid and four cohorts in a rock house at Stinking Springs. On that occasion, after killing Charlie Bowdre, they finally captured the Kid, Dave Rudebaugh, Billie Wilson and Tom Pickett.

After hours of talking with Bill Gatlin, Garrett directed two of his possemen to begin removing the poles from the roof of the house. Several had been stripped away when Gatlin yelled that he was ready to talk terms and for one to come inside. Jim East volunteered. "I told Garrett," he said later, "that I had cowpunched with Billy and told him I didn't believe he would kill me, but if Garrett went in after him, he would kill him, sure."

Cautiously, his Winchester at the ready, Sheriff East entered the building. As his eyes adjusted to the darkness, he made out the figure of Bill Gatlin crouched against the wall in a dark corner. He had two sixshooters in his hands and both were trained on East. The

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sheriff had his rifle leveled at Gatlin. In this tense position the two conferred.

Finally Gatlin agreed to give up his guns and surrender upon Jim East's promise that he would be protected against mob action. The deal was struck and all hands sat down to a welcome meal of bacon, sourdough bread and coffee.

Gatlin and Thompson were taken in irons to Tascosa and jailed in an old adobe building, but not for long. That night confederates slipped them a file and they freed themselves from the manacles and escaped out a window. Constable Jim Moore, who had been assigned to guard them, saw them running and fired several shots but both reached horses and galloped out of Tascosa.

For the next two years the trail of Dan Bogan, alias Bill Gatlin, grows dim. Soon after leaving the Panhandle country he evidently drifted south. Two months later, in April, 1885, Sheriff George Scarborough of Jones County, Texas, held a warrant for his arrest, together with two others, A.J. Williams and Redmond Coleman, on charges of cattle theft. Scarborough, acting on information that the suspects had flown to New Mexico, requested extradition papers and went into the neighboring territory after them. He brought back Coleman and Williams, but Gatlin eluded him.

Coleman and Williams were tough hombres and may have been Bogan's companions in an escapade said to have occurred during this period. Bogan and two cohorts reportedly rode their horses the length of a cattle town dancehall firing their sixshooters through the ceiling and scattering dancers in panic.

This proved so much fun they returned to repeat their antics. The dancehall proprietor met them at the door, rifle in hand.

"You'll have to pass over my dead body," he said.

"That's easy," laughed Bogan, shooting him down and spurring his mount over the prostrate form.

Wyoming Escapades

Violent citizen reaction to this atrocity impelled Bogan to strike out for new precincts. He headed for Wyoming where he was unknown. It is believed he hid out for a time in Jackson Hole and rode with the Teton Jackson gang of horsethieves.

According to a Wyoming paper, a proclivity for horsetheft was a Bogan family trait. One brother was serving time in Texas for the crime and another brother had been killed by officers while resisting arrest for horsetheft.

Courtesy Panhandle-Plains Historical Museum

Panhandle cowboys belly up to bar in Tascosa, Texas saloon in 1880s.

By late 1886, Bogan, calling himself "Bill McCoy," was punching cattle on Luke Voorhees' LZ ranch near Lusk in eastern Wyoming. J. K. Calkins, editor of the Lusk Herald, ran several stories identifying McCoy as a desperado wanted in Texas for murder.

One night in early January 1887, Bogan stood at the bar of the Cleveland Brothers' Saloon in Lusk drinking redeye and fretting over the comments in the Herald. Suddenly he pulled a sixgun and in sulfurous language loudly denounced Calkins. Constable Charles S. Gunn was called. Gunn quieted Bogan and got him to leave.

A few days later the Texas outlaw caused a disturbance in Jim Waters' saloon and again Constable Gunn was called. This time he warned Bogan to behave himself or Gunn would get tough.

Charlie Gunn, a tall, powerfully-built man in his early thirties, was popular in Lusk. With his quiet manner and polite speech he was especially well-liked by the women and children. Gunn was a Texas Ranger before coming to Wyoming and he had run up against hardcases before.

The next morning, Jan. 15, 1887, McCoy showed up again in town and headed straight for Waters' saloon. As he entered he became aware that Gunn was following just a few steps behind.

McCoy whirled. "Charlie, are you heeled?" he snapped. Before the officer could move, McCoy drew his pistol and fired. Gunn went down, shot through the abdomen. Writhing on the floor, Gunn groped for his sixshooter.

McCoy stepped closer, put his pistol to the officer's head and according to eye-witnesses, fired a second shot "which splattered his brains over the floor and set fire to his hair."

Waving his pistol at the horrified bystanders, McCoy ran across the street to a hitchrack where several horses were standing. He swung up on a horse belonging to Jack Andrews and jerked the animal's head around. Laramie County Deputy Sheriff John Owens stood in the street blocking McCoy's way. Owens ordered the outlaw to stop. By way of encouragement, he lifted his shogtgun and fired once into the air.

McCoy hesitated only an instant and then dug in his spurs. As the animal leaped forward, Owens fired his shotgun again. The charge struck McCoy in the shoulder and sent him sprawling out of the saddle. As he tumbled to the street his revolver was knocked from his hand.

The weapon lay inches from his fingers as McCoy watched Owens approach with the shotgun trained on him. In the

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excitement he forgot Owens had fired both barrels and the gun was empty. Seconds later Owens reached him, picked up the outlaw's pistol and McCoy's opportunity to escape passed.

There was no jail in Lusk so Owens guarded his prisoner all day. The town buzzed with talk of a lynch mob. Owens warned that he would fight to protect his prisoner. No one was anxious to take on the tough lawmen, a veteran of numerous dangerous encounters on the frontier extending back 20 years to service in Quantrill's Raiders.

At 1:30 the following morning Owens felt the immediate danger had passed. He turned McCoy over to four deputized guards and went to bed. He awoke the next day to learn that during the night, McCoy, aided by his friends, had escaped.

It was the middle of winter, roads were deep in snow and virtually impassable. Owens knew the severely injured outlaw could not have gone far. He believed McCoy was hiding in a cattle company line camp. Owens watched the roads and waited.

Several days later, McCoy, burning with fever and in need of medical attention, sent word he wanted to come in. Once more Owens took the outlaw in charge and lodged his prisoner in the jail in Cheyenne.

McCoy languished in Cheyenne until August. His wounds had healed and his trial was about to begin so he led a jailbreak attempt. McCoy used the spring from a watch to pick the cell locks and the steel from a truss to saw the corridor bars. Just as McCoy, Billy LeRoy and Howard Hunter, both horsethieves, and a hold-up man named Parker, were ready to make their break they were discovered by Sheriff Oscar Sharpless and his deputies.

According to a Cheyenne paper, the prisoners "were all dressed in their best clothes, ready for the dash to freedom." The damages to the locks and bars were repaired by a blacksmith. "The new steel cells recently ordered by the county commissioners," concluded the news story, "will probably arrive Thursday morning."

McCoy stood trial later that month. On Sept. 8, 1887, a jury found Dan Bogan, alias Bill McCoy, guilty of murder of Charles S. Gunn and he was sentenced to hang. The Cheyenne Daily Leader called Bogan an "infamous reptile" who "without provocation or pity...ruthlessly murdered a man far superior to himself in every way and has

Courtesy American Heritage Center

John Owens who apprehended Bill McCoy in Lusk, Wyoming.

murdered two other men."

Bogan heard himself condemned to death, said the paper, "without a change in his outward demeanor. He appeared completely unconcerned." But the paper also noted the man had friends who would remain faithful "until the executioner's noose is placed about his worthless neck."

Some of his friends would do more than remain faithful. Among those blacklisted on Canadian River ranches after the collapse of the cowboy strike of 1883 was Bogan's pal Tom Nichols. Like Bogan, Nichols had taken a new range and a new name. Now known as Tom Hall, in 1887 he was employed as foreman of the Keeline Ranch on the Platte River near Fort Laramie.

Hall visited the Cheyenne jail and he and Bogan schemed to spring the condemned killer. For $500 Hall hired a professional safecracker to commit a minor crime in Cheyenne in order to be locked up in jail. Using saw blades concealed in his shoes, the safecracker and Bogan sawed the bars of the newly purchased steel cells.

On Oct. 4, 1887, Dan Bogan, also known as Bill Gatlin, also known as Bill McCoy again escaped. Outside Hall waited with a saddled horse and together the two cowboys rode for a secret hideout on the Keeline range.

Sheriff Sharpless and a posse hunted in vain for the fugitive. Notices of a $1,000 reward were posted. District Attorney W.R. Stoll, who discovered that Bogan was being harbored at the Keeline ranch, sent for officers of the Rocky Mountain Detective Association to search him out. But the Keeline cowboys, many of whom were themselves fugitives, sent the manhunters packing.

Stoll turned to the Pinkerton National Detective Agency which sent its best cowboy detective, Charles A. Siringo, with instructions to infiltrate the gang at the Keeline and locate Bogan.

Posing as an outlaw on the dodge, Siringo was successful in gaining the confidence of Hall and his cohorts and ultimately learned the man he was hunting was "Bill Gatlin" with whom he cowboyed in Texas.

Just two days prior to Siringo's

(continued on page 43)

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Books

'Salty and Greasy and Smoky as Sin'

BADGER CLARK BALLADS. *With musical scores by J. E. "Aim" Morhardt. Westerners International, Box 3485, College Station, Tucson, AZ 85722. 55 pages. Spiral-bound. $6.95.*

Be the first kid on your block to lead the singing at a Badger Clark hootenanny.

At last — on the 100th anniversary of his birth — a collection of cowboy-poet Badger Clark's verses set to music.

Although his words have been sung by cowpokes ever since his first published poem "Ridin" appeared in the old Pacific Monthly in 1906, this is the first time melodies have been printed with the lyrics.

You may not have known the poet's name, but you probably have heard his poems, one like "A Cowboy's Prayer" ("Oh Lord, I've never lived where churches grow...") and "A Border Affair" ("Spanish is the lovin' tongue, soft as music, light as spray...").

They frequently appear in print credited to "Anonymous" or "Author Unknown." Another Badger Clark favorite, "The Glory Trail," also known as "High-Chin Bob," does not appear in this collection of 23 ballads.

But there are some dandies that do, like the tribute to "The Bunkhouse Orchestra" after a hard day on the trail: "It's the best grand high that there is within the law, when seven jolly punchers tackle 'Turkey in the Straw.'"

Then there's the song that glorifies bacon. That's right, you cholesterol addicts, bacon: "You're salty and greasy and smoky as sin, but of all grub we love you the best...you helped us win out in the West."

The poet is claimed by both South Dakota and Arizona. Son of Charles Badger Clark Sr., the Methodist minister who buried Calamity Jane, Badger was brought to South Dakota from Iowa when he was six months old.

Badger Clark

In 1937, he was named the state's first "Poet Lariat," and Clark's remote cabin, called Badger Hole, is preserved as a feature of Custer State Park in South Dakota.

It was in Arizona that he began his writing career during four years as a "lunger," convalescing at the Cross 1 Quarter Circle Ranch near Tombstone.

A Boston firm published his two slim volumes, "Sun and Saddle Leather" in 1915, and "Grass Grown Trails" in 1917, later combined under the former title. In 1962 Westerners International brought out a 15th illustrated edition.

Now, Death Valley folksinger J. E. "Aim" Morhardt has composed and hand-lettered music to the poems, simple tunes in the working cowboy tradition, belying the dates of their copyright: 1981 and 1982.

Badger Clark Ballads includes an appreciation of Clark by Travis Edmonson, contemporary Arizona folklorist, and an introduction by Leland D. Case, co-founder of Westerners International, the world-wide organization dedicated to preserving the art, literature and history of the American West.

The rustic-looking limited edition has a spiral binding, a godsend to the piano player forced to prop open the pages of a standard bound songbook, while trying to play the bass notes. Guitar players with little formal musical training will wish the chords had been noted.

And many readers/sing-a-longers will want to know more about Badger Clark himself, the man so taken with bacon.

Badger Clark Ballads is a real find for campfire troubadours who like to amaze audiences with their repertoire of "new" old songs.

— Jini Accuntius
Austin, Texas

TWO SITTING BULLS

OLD JULES COUNTRY. *By Mari Sandoz. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. Soft cover. $6.50.*

This collection of writings by Mari Sandoz was first published by Hastings House in 1965. This is a paperback reprint of stories by the writer who captured the heart and soul of the Plains country people.

There were two Sitting Bulls, Sandoz wrote in a chapter called "The Lost Sitting Bull." One, the best known, was the Hunkpapa medicine man of Custer Battle fame. The other, 10 years younger, was the Ogalala — Sitting Bull the Good — who learned to speak and write English. Sitting Bull the Good went to Washington, D. C. several times and in 1875 was given a rifle by the Great White Father. The Good was killed in 1876 by Crows. It was the Hunkpapa who was killed just prior to the outbreak at Wounded Knee in 1890.

"History is the memory of the race," Sandoz explained, "and like the individ-

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ual's memory, it plays odd tricks." Thus Sitting Bull the Good became confused with the Hunkpapa Bull throughout the country and even in Europe as he traveled with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show.

Early trappers introduced Indians to the "thundersticks," Sandoz wrote of guns. "If the Indians are right, the coming of the bearded men, the coming of powder and iron, to the Upper Missouri must have been during the late 1630s or early 1640s, and the first fur fair must have been at Montreal, Canada."

This book is a collection of excerpts taken from several of Sandoz' books, including *Old Jules, The Beaver Men, Crazy Horse,* and others, and other writing.

Also included is the chapter from *Cheyenne Autumn* which caused so much controversy because it contended that Custer had fathered a child among the Southern Cheyennes named Yellow Swallow.

Sandoz writes from the Indian viewpoint and in doing so sometimes leaves the reader confused as in the case of Sitting Bull the Good and Sitting Bull the Hunkpapa. It is still difficult to know which was which and who it is whose photograph we accept as THE Sitting Bull.

The book has a bibliography of Miss Sandoz' works but no references and even worse, no index. The University of Nebraska Press is to be scolded for not indexing the book in this reprint. The book also contains no photos or illustrations which would have been helpful along with a few maps.

— Kathryn Wright
Billings, Montana

CITADEL OF THE PRAIRIES

WICHITA: THE EARLY YEARS, 1865-80. *By H. Craig Miner. University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, NE 68588. 201 pages. Hardbound, $17.50. Paperback, $7.50.*

Explorers from Coronado to Pike dismissed the Kansas plains as a false Quivera and "The Great American Desert." This endless sea of grass had neither gold nor prime farm land, but prospered nonetheless.

Credit must go to the region's determined founders, says H. Craig Miner in his breezy, reliable short history of Wichita — "the citadel of the prairies." Miner, a history professor at Wichita State University and an accomplished author, emphasizes the commercial aspects that turned Wichita from an Osage hunting ground to a small trading village which rapidly emerged as a thriving metropolis.

Early settlers included frontiersmen James R. Meade, the legendary Jesse Chisholm and entrepreneur William Grieffenstein, who became Wichita's first mayor. These leaders and those who followed were aggressive movers, spurred by dollar signs and a profound desire to cultivate the land in a manner suited to civilized nineteenth-century businessmen.

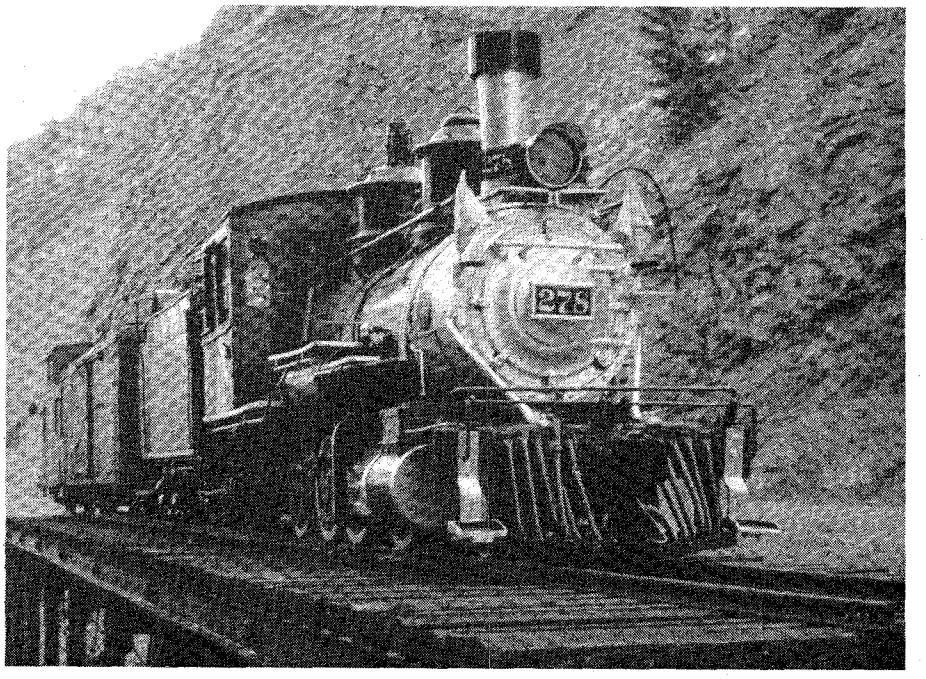
If they paused in wonder at the beauteous prairie surrounding them, says Miner, it only happened "after they had so quickly done away with it."

In describing Wichita the cowtown, Miner attacks several popular myths. True, cattle-crazy Wichita was rowdy and boisterous, but he is quick to note that diversification was a key word from the start. Early Wichita had fine hardware, clothing and grocery marts, two bookstores and four newspapers to go along with the obligatory saloons, bordellos and gambling dens.

Miner doesn't ignore the exploits of Texas cowboys who sometimes challenged the authority of lawmen Mike Meagher and Wyatt Earp; he is instead more concerned with less colorful, yet more important issues. And rightfully so.

Miner realizes Wichita was only momentarily a frontier town. The purpose of its citizens was to urbanize quickly as a means to financial gain. These people were meat-eaters, "holding up lampposts with all their weight." They came, they conquered and they proudly said: "Drones don't live in this hive."

— Jeff Nathan
Los Angeles, California



Courtesy of J. R. Kirkpatrick

This is the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad's engine 278 permanently on display below Morrow Point Dam near Montrose, Colorado.

RAILROAD THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS

RIO GRANDE NARROW GAUGE. *By John B. Norwood. Heimburger House Publishing Co., 310 Lathrop Ave., River Forest, IL 60305. 312 pages.*

It was in the mining town of Telluride, Colorado, that Butch Cassidy and Matt Warner seriously launched their outlaw careers when on June 24, 1889, they and Matt's brother-in-law, Tom McCarty, relieved the San Miguel Valley Bank of $10,500.

Telluride is in the midst of the geographical setting of Norwood's history of one of America's most spectacular railroads. Thousands of tourists now ride the narrow gauge railroad from Durango to Silverton, Colorado, viewing some of the most scenic country imaginable. They are riding over what was one of the several branch lines of the Denver & Rio Grande Western, a railroad company that built hundreds of miles of tracks in terrain more suitable to mountain goats.

It was of economic necessity that the

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railroad's founder, General William Jackson Palmer, decided to build a narrow gauge — a three-foot wide track, for it was not feasible to attempt the standard gauge over much of the wild and steep terrain of the area. That they could build even a narrow gauge through the deep canyons and high mountain passes, so characteristic of the area, is a modern day miracle.

Competition from other railroads later forced a change to standard gauge on its main line, but the branch lines in the mountainous country of southwestern Colorado and northern New Mexico continued as narrow gauge, from the time of their construction in the late 1870s and in the 1880s until their discontinuance in the 1960s.

Palmer was a man to match the mountains. While still in his 20s he had achieved the rank of brigadier-general in the Union Army during the Civil War. In 1867, he helped survey a route for a second transcontinental railroad. He studied railroads in England and served as treasurer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad which reached Denver in 1870. Later he built railroads in Mexico.

The D & RGW, more recently known as the Rio Grande, continued operating its passenger line from Denver to Salt Lake City, via Grand Junction, until April 1983, at which time arrangements were completed for Amtrak to take over its operation and switch its transcontinental traffic from across Wyoming to the far more scenic route of the D & RGW.

Ironically, as the State of Wyoming unsuccessfully sought through the courts to prevent this switch, a huge mud slide in Utah's Spanish Fork Canyon, near the railroad town of Thistle, closed down the Rio Grande line from Salt Lake to Grande Junction until new trackage can be built.

John Norwood, author of this history, worked for the D & RGW for 38 years, from a gandy dancer to assistant vice president. So he knows its history and has told it well. Several dozen photos and maps enhance this story, a story that will be of great interest to railroad and Old West buffs.

— John Stewart
Logan, Utah

TEXAS PIONEER

SUL ROSS: SOLDIER, STATESMAN, EDUCATOR. *By Judith Ann Benner. Texas A & M University Press, Drawer C, College Station, TX 77843. Hardbound. $19.50.*

Picture a man who was an Indian fighter, Texas Ranger, Confederate soldier, college president and governor of Texas. You might expect that such a person would be the subject of numerous biographies. This, however, is not

Sul Ross

the case with Sul Ross. Only now do students of the West have their first full-scale study of this remarkable pioneer — and it's a good one.

Thanks to Judith Ann Benner's 14 years of digging and researching, this is a book students of the Lone Star State will be drawn to immediately.

Lawrence Sullivan Ross (1838-1898) was the son of Shapley Ross, equally famous in Texas history. Even in his youth, Sul displayed a fearless, pugnacious character similar to his father's.

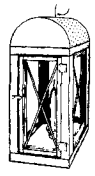
The book vividly describes several chapters in the young man's life which demanded these traits, such as Ross's role in numerous efforts to end the dreaded horse-stealing, scalp-lifting raids of the Comanches under notable enemies such as Buffalo Hump. Ross was determined "to curb the insolence of these implacable hereditary enemies of Texas."

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book is Ross' role as Confederate army officer. His devotion to the South and his skill as a soldier are developed from dozens of obscure sources.

It was his war experience which prepared young Ross to serve as the fourteenth governor of Texas (1887-91) and then president of what is now Texas A & M University.

When Sul Ross died the Dallas Morning News wrote, "It has been the lot of few men to be of such great service to Texas.... He was not a brilliant chieftain in the field, nor was he masterful in the art of politics, but, better than either, he was a well-balanced, well-rounded man from whatever standpoint one might estimate him."

— Rory Steel
Kingwood, Texas



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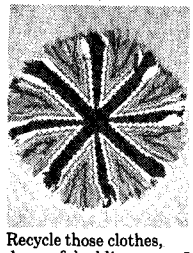

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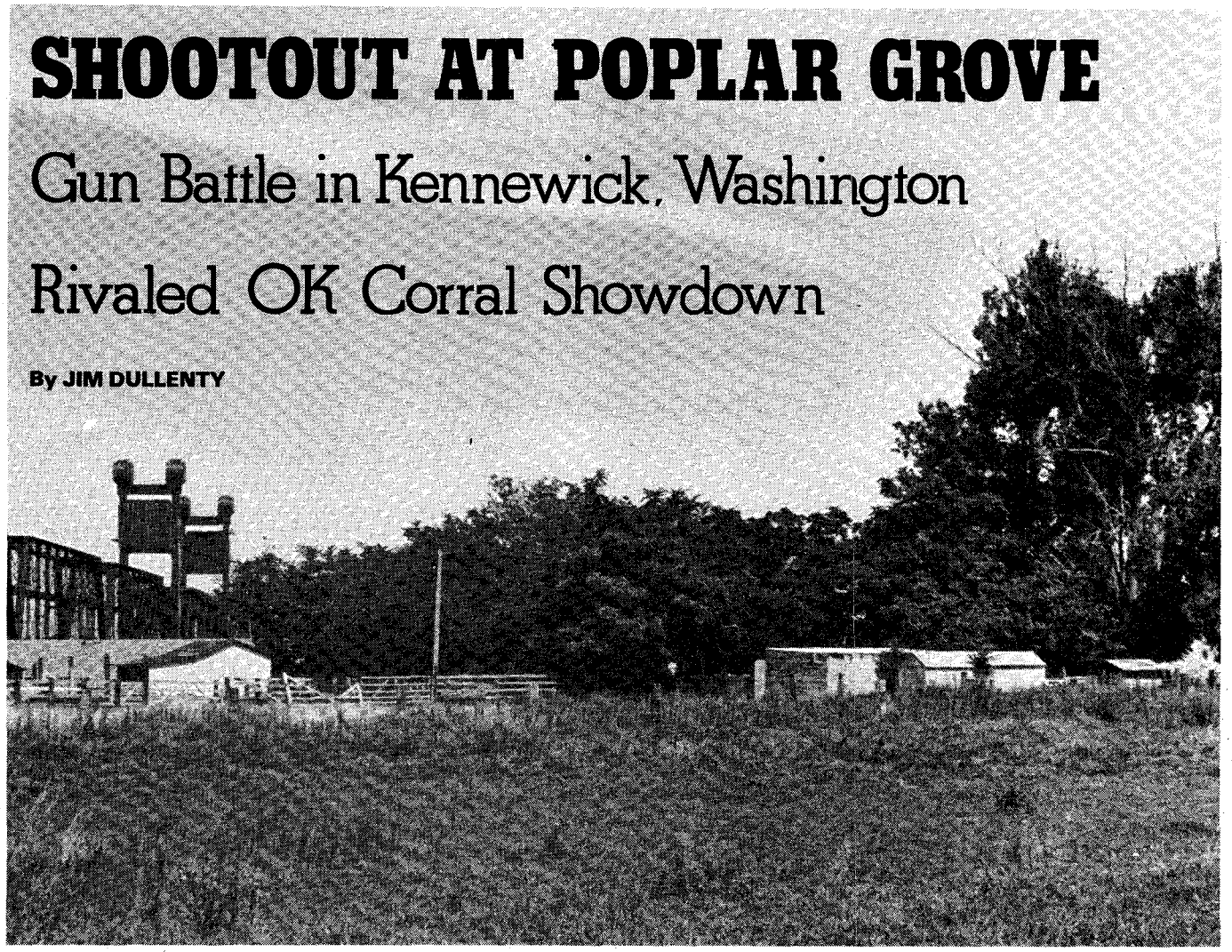
SHOOTOUT AT POPLAR GROVE

Gun Battle in Kennewick, Washington Rivaled OK Corral Showdown

By JIM DULLENTY



This is the poplar grove where the Oct. 31, 1906, shootout occurred as it looks today in Kennewick, Washington. Most of these trees were probably planted since 1906. Burlington Northern Railroad bridge is at left. All photos courtesy Tri-City Herald, Kennewick.

THE FAMOUS "Gunfight at O.K. Corral" was no more dramatic or tragic than the "Shootout at Poplar Grove" in Kennewick, Washington, in 1906.

The O.K. Corral gun battle in Tombstone, Arizona, in 1881, claimed the lives of three men — all cowboys considered by many to be outlaws. The Kennewick shootout left four dead and a fifth seriously wounded — all but one lawmen.

When the smoke cleared, Kennewick's Marshal Mike D. Glover and Sheriff's Deputy Joe Holzhey were killed. Sheriff Alex G. McNeill was seriously wounded.

One outlaw, an ex-Walla Walla convict named Jacob "Jake" Lake, 35, bit the dust, a bullet through his abdomen. The other outlaw, "Kid" Barker, was in hiding.

In the confusing aftermath of the Kennewick showdown, a posse killed one of its own members, Forrest Perry.

Jay Perry (no relation to Forrest), Kennewick, who was 16 at the time says the Poplar Grove gun battle was the most exciting event in the little southeastern Washington community's history. Kennewick, a city of about 40,000 today, had only a few hundred in 1906.

"Nothing since I've been here stirred up the town that much," Perry says.

The O.K. Corral battle occurred on Oct. 26; the Kennewick gunfight on Oct. 31.

The Kennewick showdown is forgotten by all but a few old-timers. The Tombstone affair, which occurred in a vacant area, but not in the O.K. Corral, has been recounted in countless articles, books and movies.

The Kennewick gunfight took place at the south end of the Northern Pacific Bridge in two or three rows of poplars.

It was Halloween and the battle 77 years ago began at 3 p.m.

THE EVENTS which led to the gunfight began some time the night before. Two Kennewick stores were burglarized, Tull & Godwin's general merchandise and the Kennewick Hardware Co.

A woman living nearby saw the culprits and her husband called Marshal Glover. When Glover arrived he found, according to the Kennewick Courier, "The burglars had torn up the interior of the stores, broken show cases and window fronts with utter recklessness, indicating a desperate gang's work."

Glover sent to Prosser, the county seat 26 miles to the west, for Sheriff McNeill, who arrived by train at 10 a.m. that day. Deputy Holzhey already was in Kennewick.

Holzhey and a townsman, H. E. Roseman, were first to reach the poplar trees used by transients as a "hobo jungle."

They spotted two men at a campfire, one of whom told Holzhey and Roseman in angry tones it made him "hot to have you spying around here." The two outlaws warned the deputy and his friend to stay away "or there'll be trouble."

The lawman told the two they were

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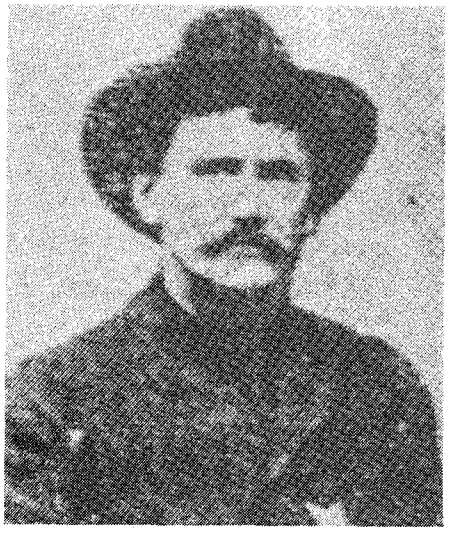


THREE OF THE PRINCIPALS IN THE SHOOTOUT AT POPLAR GROVE — From left, Sheriff A. G. McNeill, who was wounded in the Poplar Grove shootout; outlaw Kid Barker, who was captured and jailed following the shootout, but escaped, and Kennewick, Washington Marshal Mike Glover, who was killed.

only looking for some missing loot and returned to town. Jay Perry remembers Kennewick was at least a mile away. In town Holzhey and Roseman met Sheriff McNeill and Marshal Glover and all four decided to return to the poplar grove.

KID BARKER, whose real name was Robert A. Barker, from Florence, Colo., later told officers he had come from Montana and met "Jake" Lake, a sheep-herder, at Wallula, a small town several miles east of Kennewick. The two had gone to a fair in Spokane, Washington. Barker said he and Lake had returned from the fair and were camped in the trees. He recalled how the officers had searched their packs the first time and later returned.

"When we saw them coming to our camp again, Jake says: 'We'll make the bulls hike back up town; get your gun.'

"I was behind Jake when he stepped out and asked why they were following us, ordering them to throw up their hands. At the same time, he threw his rifle on them. They reached for their guns and Jake commenced shooting."

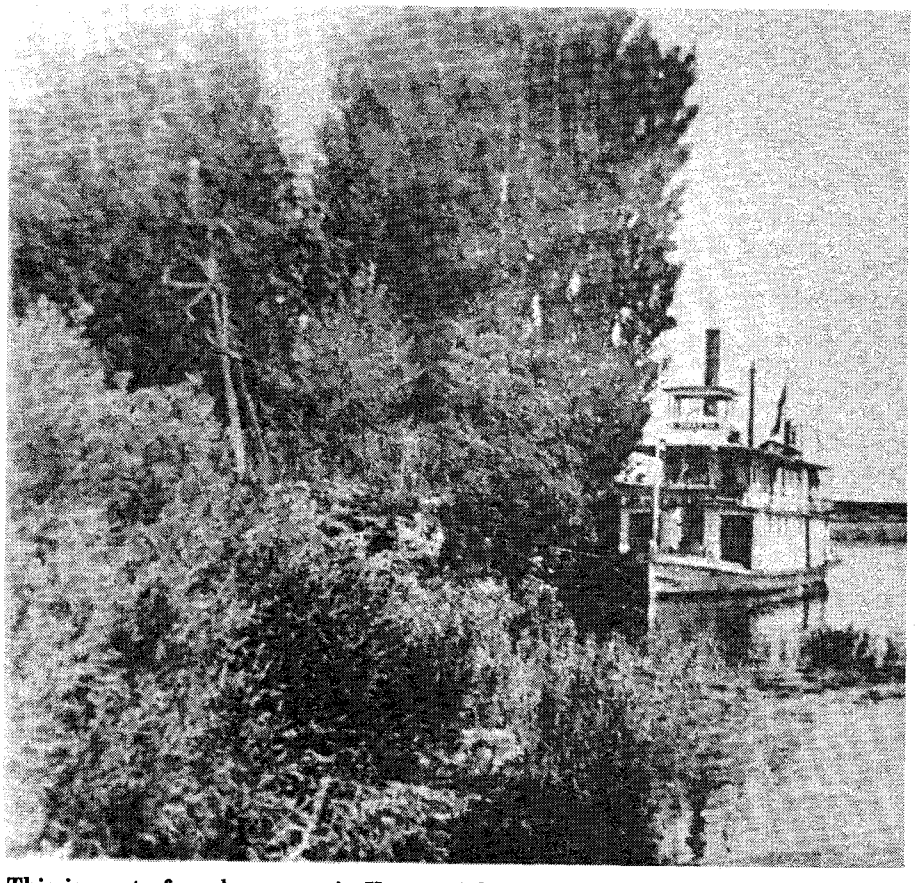
As Roseman later recounted it, Glover, Holzhey and McNeill approached the camp as Roseman, who was unarmed, followed. Suddenly a voice came from the trees:

"Good evening, gentlemen. You are looking for trouble and you'll get it." A rifle fired.

Holzhey dropped at the first shot. Roseman, who scampered for cover, heard other shots. He saw Glover fall. McNeill continued firing his revolver until his bullets were gone and, wounded, he retreated to the railroad tracks.

There Roseman found him and rushed the wounded sheriff to Kennewick. Roseman then gave the alarm. A posse formed and galloped to the scene of the shooting.

WYATT EARP said the O.K. Corral shootout took only 30 seconds. About the same time elapsed at Poplar Grove. When the posse arrived, it found Glover dead and Holzhey wounded in the abdomen. He died the next morning.



This is part of poplar grove in Kennewick, Washington, where the 1906 shootout occurred. The grove was between the Columbia River and Kennewick — note riverboat tied up. Photo was taken about the time of the shootout.

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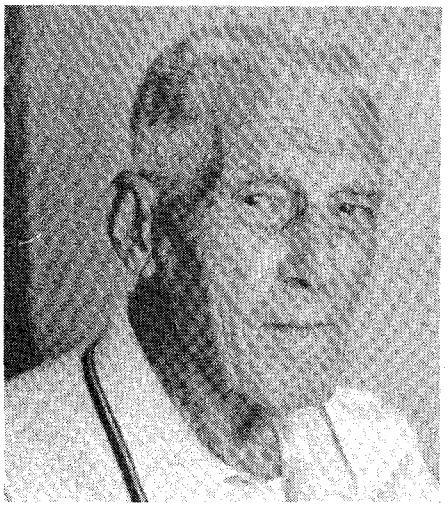

Jay Perry

Late that evening, the posse found the body of the dead outlaw, Jacob Lake, and returned it to Kennewick. The second bandit disappeared. By now, Kennewick and the surrounding country was in a furor. Perry doesn't remember how the news traveled, but word spread like wildfire.

"I wanted to get down there and join the posse," Perry recalls. "I was old enough to handle a gun and thought I could take care of myself as well as anyone but by father thought it was no place for a 16-year-old boy."

So Perry stayed home. Another deputy arrived from Prosser with 20 men. By dusk, some 200 men were armed and waiting when a Walla WAlla prison guard arrived with a pack of bloodhounds. Through the night the men scoured the countryside, giving special attention to Currant Island, also a "hobo jungle" near the grove. One posse even searched the Horse Heaven Hills, to the south, for the missing bandit.

Meanwhile, in the excitement at Poplar Grove, where the bloodhounds were baying and throngs of people from Kennewick interfered with the search, posse member Forrest Perry, 24 and married, came upon the bandit.

"UP WITH YOUR HANDS or I'll shoot every one of you," shouted Perry, thinking several were in hiding.

The other posse members could not see Perry, hidden by the dense brush and darkness, and when they heard his shout, they thought him the bandit and fired on him. Perry died three hours later.

Barker, whose age never was accurately determined, although he was about 18, surrendered. He admitted his role in the shooting but claimed he never hit anyone. He was taken to the jail in Prosser.

An article in 1954 said Kid Barker's family "was one of some means." After a few months, Barker escaped from the jail and never was heard from again.

The article reported that the Prosser sheriff then retired "with funds sufficient to live on for the remainder of his life. There was, no doubt, a close connection between the Kid's escape and the sheriff's retirement."

A bizarre twist, but not true. Barker did escape and disappeared. But Sheriff McNeill served out his term until 1910 and was re-elected for another two years in 1912.

Barker's father, the Spokesman-Review of Spokane reported shortly after the gun battle, lived on a rented farm at Camas Prairie, Idaho, having moved there about a year previously from Florence, Colorado.

Ralph Reed, Pasco, Washington, who had been an apprentice for the old Courier, in 1959 recalled that the furor over the shootout subsided in time and Barker's escape was barely noticed.

"The town saw enough tragedy that Halloween to last a lifetime and if Barker wanted to go in peace, it was all right with the people of Kennewick," Reed said.

This story, written by Jim Dullenty when he was a staff writer at the Tri-City Herald, Kennewick, Washington, first appeared in the Herald on Sept. 3, 1978.

Answer Man

(continued from page 23)

her first husband. Mrs. J. L. Stelling, Box 788, Cambria, CA 93428, wants to know about Mrs. Lake's first husband.

William Lake Thatcher was his name but he dropped the last name when he began a circus career. He married Agnes Mersman in the early 1840s following a whirlwind romance. They were both successful in circuses.

For several years, until the close of the 1862 season, they were in the famous Robinson and Eldred Circus. For a brief period, Lake and Robinson were partners. But tragedy struck on Aug. 21, 1869, at Granby, Missouri, when Bill Lake was shot and killed by one John Killyou. Killyou had been turned away for not paying the admission price and returned and murdered Lake. He was sent to prison for a mere three years. He was later killed by one Bill Norton.

Mrs. Lake continued to run the circus successfully and earned the respect of her male competitors.

Mysterious Bob Meldrum. Bruce Gannon 41700, ACTC-T Santa Rita, 10,000 S. Wilmot Rd., Tucson, AZ 85777, has a copy of a letter Tom Horn wrote Meldrum and wants to know more about Meldrum, Wyoming's mysterious bad man.

According to prison records, Meldrum was born in New York state in 1865. Of his early years, little is known except he learned saddle and harness making and how to shoot and ride. It appears he killed at least a half dozen men.

In 1899 bounty hunter Meldrum killed Noah Wilkinson for the reward. He may have worked with Tom Horn as Horn's letter of 1901 offers him $5 per day plus expenses for his talents.

When strikes hit the Telluride (Colorado) mines in the early 1900s, Meldrum was hired to protect company property. Olaf Thisall was shot and killed on April 1, 1904, in an altercation with Meldrum. The case was dismissed. A few years later Meldrum killed Dave Lambert. Again Meldrum was a mine guard and again he was found not guilty.

On Jan 19., 1912, Meldrum shot and killed a popular young cowboy named Chick Bowen. For this he was sentenced to serve five to seven years, but he was soon out on parole. Meldrum was not heard from again.

Was Charlie Russell a Redskin? Dr. C. E. Whittlesey, Manitowish Waters, WI 54545, wrote telling how he enjoyed the Charles M. Russell articles in August TRUE WEST but he asks, was Russell an Indian? Whittlesey added Russell "looks more Indian than Sitting Bull!"

In some photos, it does appear that Russell had facial attributes of an Indian. But while he loved and understood the Native Americans, he was Caucasian. He was born in Oak Hill, Missouri, to a prominent St. Louis family in 1864.

— Chuck Parsons

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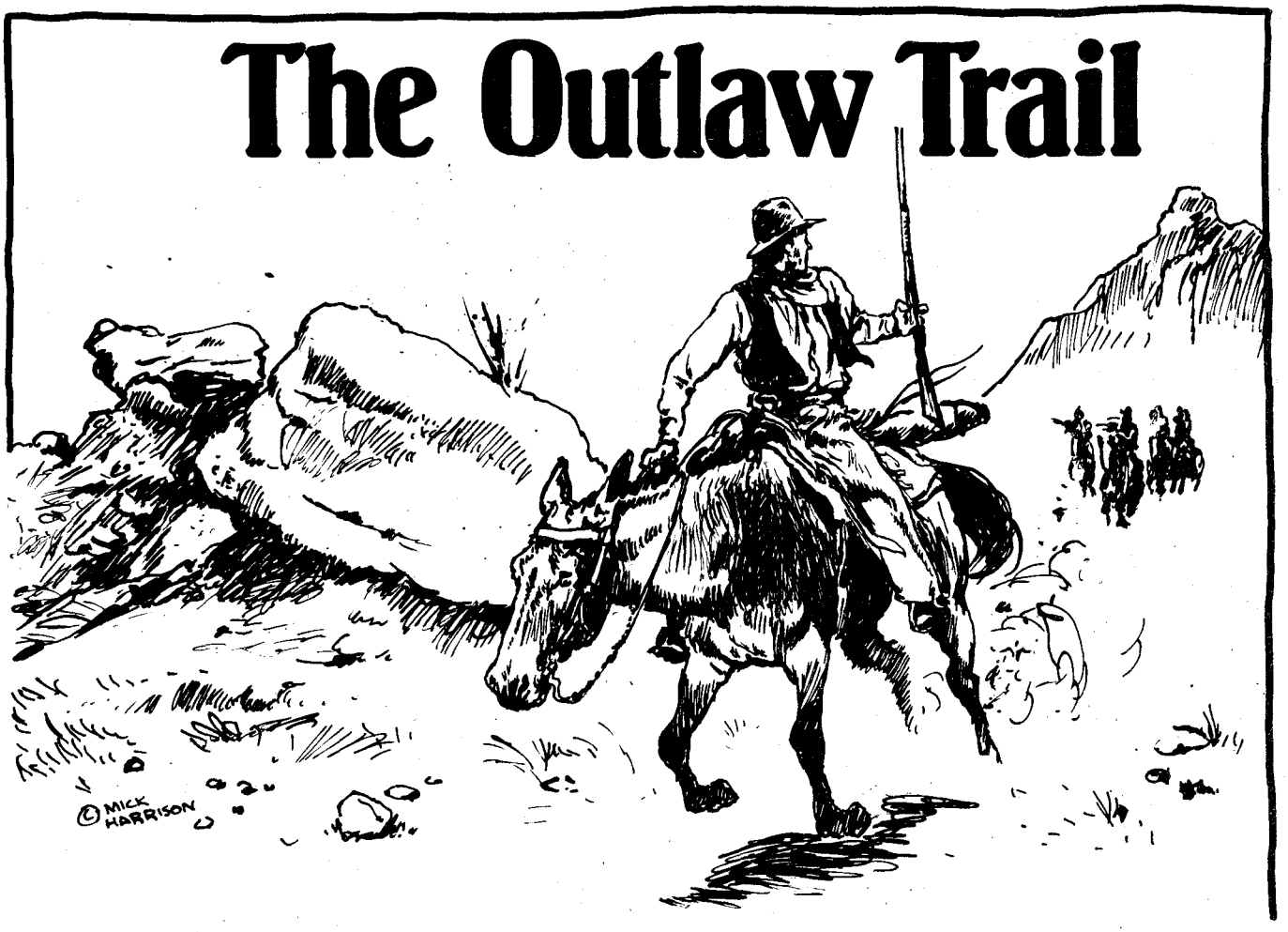
The Outlaw Trail



By HOOD RIVER BLACKIE
Illustration by MICK HARRISON

WHENEVER we hear someone mention a trail, the first thing that comes to mind is a cowpath thoroughfare that winds its way over mountains, through deserts and across canyons. Some of the trails of the Old West were in fact like this but many were just a direction of travel.

The famous Chisholm Trail over which longhorned cattle were driven from Texas to the rail heads in Kansas was actually miles wide. It did bottleneck at times where it crossed the Red River at Doan's store, but common sense will tell you that if you drove thousands of cattle over a narrow trail, pretty soon there wouldn't be any grass left for the following herds.

The famous Outlaw Trail, as it was called, wound from northern Montana southeast to Miles City, then south to Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming which is near present-day Kaycee. It had branches, twisted around quite a bit and went on even further south to Browns Hole (Browns Park) in Colorado. From there it runs south through Green River, Utah and into wild rocky country known as Robbers Roost. This is east of Hanksville, Utah.

From there it twisted into Arizona crossing the Colorado River at Lee's Ferry. There also may have been some other not so well-known crossings on the Colorado.

On it went through rugged country and at times near small towns, finally passing into New Mexico and winding up in Mexico after going through the town of Alma in New Mexico. For much of its length, this so-called trail was not the cowpath type, though there were many miles of it which were that way.

Much of it was simply a direction of travel across flats, plains and valleys toward a gap in some distant range of mountains.

Of course once it got into the gap or pass, it would narrow and sometimes be only wide enough for one horse and rider.

The famous outlaw hideouts like Hole-in-the-Wall, Browns Park and Robbers Roost had more than one trail into them. It stands to reason that the outlaw gangs wouldn't have lasted long if there had been a cowpath leading to their hideouts.

MANY people have the wrong idea about the hideouts. They seem to think that simply because someone like Butch Cassidy was known to have a cabin somewhere, that he would run there any time he committed a robbery, as surely as a woodchuck to its den. He may very well have gone there, but he certainly didn't den up there, at least not for any length of time.

The outlaws had many hideouts besides the known cabins. Some were overhanging cliffs, some were caves, and some probably never will be known. Many of these horseback robbers would take a job as a working cowboy until things cooled off.

The ranch near Alma, New Mexico, became famous for hiring out-of-work outlaws. The rancher was always glad to hire them as they were skilled cowhands, and what rancher would rustle cattle off a ranch where the likes of Butch Cassidy, the Sundance Kid, Kid Curry and others like them were

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The Outlaw Trail

riding the range?

I have ridden over the Outlaw Trail into Robbers Roost, and it is still a wild and lonely land. I was young then and had too many romantic ideas in my head and I guess I expected to meet some old outlaw who was still hanging on. But all I saw in two weeks was my mule and a couple of wild burros.

LATER, in Mexico, it was different for me. The Sierra Madre Mountains are criss-crossed with trails, some of them making connections with trails coming out of the United States. You don't hear much about the Sierra Madres though, but they were much used by outlaws from both sides of the border.

They wound into a land of vastness, full of sharp peaks and deep canyons. That is where I lost all romantic ideas about outlaw life for I got a little taste of it myself.

Tex Medders and I had become involved with some Yaqui Indians which Tex said were renegades (I laughed at him at first). They were having trouble with the Mexican Army patrols which wandered back in those wild mountains at times. It wasn't our fight really, but Tex had known some of those Indians for a long time so he decided to help. I had no choice. I decided it would be great fun so I jumped in too.

Believe me, there is nothing romantic about having a group of men with high-

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powered rifles stalking you with the intent of shooting you on sight, and I do mean to death. Then too their 7 mm Mauser rifles could far out-range our saddle carbines.

I remember when I was a kid and a bunch of us boys used to get together in an old barn and play cowboys and Indians. What fun we had hiding and shooting our toy guns at each other, then getting into big arguments about who got shot and who didn't.

In the Sierra Madres it was different. There were no arguments about who got shot and the whole gang didn't go down to the pond to swim after the fighting was over.

I recall sitting on my mule high on a peak overlooking what seemed to be the whole world and remembering those cowboy and Indian days not long before. Then I glanced sideways at the ragged individuals around me, all mounted and armed. There was Juanito with the crooked arm, there was old Julio and Indercio who had long ago ridden with Pancho Villa.

There was the ancient one, old Victorio, who claimed to be 100 years old and also claimed to have ridden with Geronimo. I never did believe him, had never heard there were any Yaquis in Geronimo's band, but none of the other oldsters doubted his claim and after many years to think it over, I believe him now. He was known as a man who told the truth.

There was also an old fellow about 75 or 80, whom Tex said was at one time considered to be the most dangerous man in the mountains. When I knew him, he was a happy-go-lucky individual, always laughing and telling funny stories.

So to me it was a boy's dream come true: Riding with men who had ridden with Pancho Villa and Geronimo. Then the dream was shattered by having to get up and saddle my mule at 2 a.m. and ride for miles through a bitter wind. Or getting wet by a cold rain and not having time to dry out or change until my clothes dried on me.

MOST people romantically picture outlaws sitting around their campfires with their hands near their pistols or rifles across their laps. But it is no fun to live every waking moment with the expectancy of someone shooting you from ambush. It keeps you nervous and jittery, and you get to where the slightest sound makes you jump and grab your gun. Then you feel foolish when you find it was only a small animal.

But at the same time you know you can't always tell yourself it's an animal because there is always the chance that it is someone moving into position to take a shot at you. I was at that time skilled with rifle and pistol but this didn't reduce my fear of the long-range Mausers.

A fast draw and a deadly eye didn't count for much against a man armed with a Mauser 500 yards away. The Winchester saddle guns are useless at that distance. And when you get right to it, your real defenses are your eyes and ears.

IT must have been this way along the Outlaw Trail long ago. I've seen many pictures of the old-time outlaws and they seemed to favor the saddle gun or at least that's what they are carrying in the photographs. I know high-powered Mausers were available long before the turn of the century yet I just can't think of ever having seen a picture of an outlaw who was holding one.

Forget all the stories about men making kills at 500 or 600 yards with a saddle carbine. They were only a 200-yard gun. They would throw a bullet that far, so will a 22, but who can tell where it will strike?

The Outlaw Trail is empty now. There you'll find only ghosts and perhaps when the wind blows, there are echoes of long ago laughter. There is no romance there. There never was. There was fear and fatigue, icy winds and scorching heat.

I don't think the outlaws themselves thought of their lives as romantic. This came later through writers and movie makers.

The outlaws had simply gotten into a way of life which was hard to get out of. It was the same with me during the years I spent as a hobo. Many times I wanted to quit and vowed that I would. But there was always "one more train to ride, or one more old pal to visit." With the robbers it must have been "one more train to rob" or maybe "one more bank!"

But no matter what kind of men they were, or what they did or felt, we know today they were hard, tough men and had to be in order to ride the Outlaw Trail.

Dan Bogan

(continued from page 34)

arrival, the fugitive had departed the Keeline. By the time Siringo acquired this information, the trail was cold and he did not pursue the killer.

Many years later Siringo learned the rest of the story of Bogan's escape. In 1915 at Hot Springs, Arkansas, Siringo met Lem Woodruff, another veteran cowboy who had ridden the Panhandle rangeland with Bogan and Siringo. Woodruff participated in the famous gunbattle at Tascosa on March 21, 1886, in which four men died. Badly wounded in the fight and invalided for life, he stood trial for murder and was acquitted. Over the years he maintained contact with Bogan and told Siringo the remainder of the outlaw's tale.

After leaving the Keeline hideout, Bogan rode into Utah and turned south to New Mexico. In Utah he acquired a traveling companion, a 12-year-old boy. They rode to Santa Fe and then headed for Lem Woodruff's camp at Los Portales Lake near the Texas line. There they rested from the long, circuitous ride. Bogan told Woodruff he planned to continue to New Orleans where he intended to board a ship for South America.

The boy became attached to the outlaw and wanted to go on with him. Bogan refused, explaining to Woodruff he feared the young fellow would give him away to the authorities. The boy was insistent, but Bogan made it clear he was going alone and if the boy followed, he would kill him. Woodruff agreed to keep the youngster and warned him not to follow Bogan.

But shortly after the outlaw left, the boy slipped out of the cabin, saddled a cow pony and took off in the direction Bogan had taken. Two days later the horse returned to Woodruff's pasture. The saddle was covered with dried blood, furnishing mute evidence that somewhere along the trail the boy overtook Bogan and the desperado carried out his threat.

Bogan went to New Orleans where he boarded a vessel to Buenos Aires, Argentina. There he joined a band of expatriated American outlaws on the pampas and remained several years. Later he returned to the United States, worked as a cowboy under yet another assumed name and apparently had no further difficulties with the law. He was reportedly killed in New Mexico about 1907 when a bucking horse threw him, breaking his neck.

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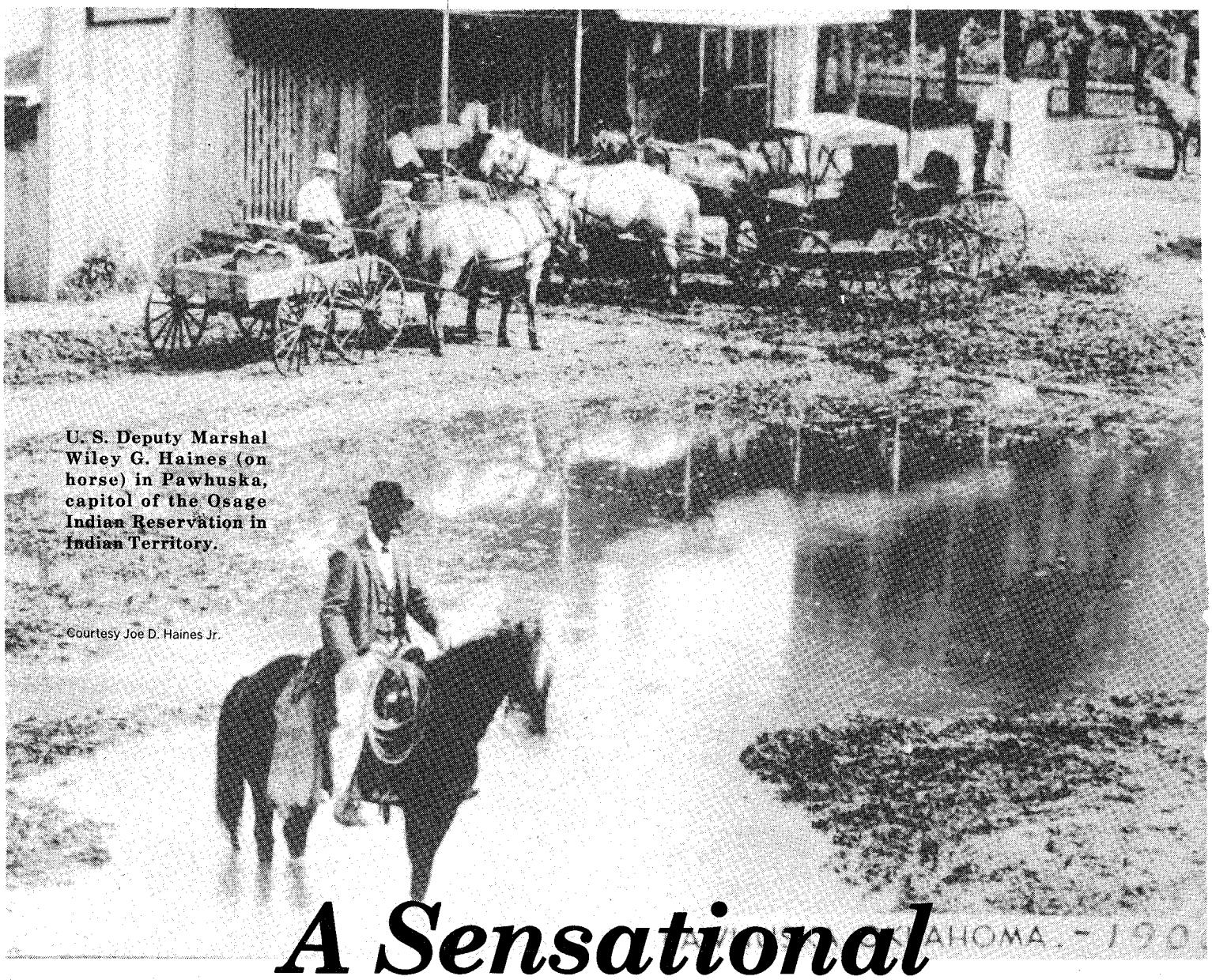

U. S. Deputy Marshal Wiley G. Haines (on horse) in Pawhuska, capitol of the Osage Indian Reservation in Indian Territory.

Courtesy Joe D. Haines Jr.

A Sensational Holdup

More Than 75 People Robbed for Three Horses!

By JOE D. HAINES JR.

ONE of the most sensational robberies in the annals of frontier crime was perpetrated by the notorious Martin Gang just after the turn of the century.

The crime occurred within the vast 1.5 million acre Osage Indian Reservation in Indian Territory on June 14, 1903. On this Sunday afternoon, Sam and Will Martin and Clarence Simmons executed a most daring robbery.

The robbery of 75 to 101 people, three miles west of Bartlesville, Indian Territory, made lawmen more determined than ever to stop the brothers' reign of terror in the Southwest.

Sam and Will Martin were raised in the small town of Mulhall, Oklahoma Territory, just north of the territorial capitol, Guthrie. They were hell-raising farm boys who enjoyed a reputation as local toughs. Their first brush with the law came when they attempted to extort money from a farmer near Mulhall. The Logan County sheriff sent two deputies to arrest the boys.

The deputies located the Martins at the home of a friend, Clarence Simmons. As the deputies spoke with Simmons the two Martins tried to escape and a gun battle ensued. Sam fled, but Will was wounded and taken to Guthrie to be held for a grand jury investigation.

THE grand jury, however, did not indict Will and he was freed. He soon rejoined his brother. The boys considered themselves bonafide outlaws and embarked on a career of crime.

After Will rejoined his brother they headed west and robbed dozens of stores and banks in western Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico. On March 2, 1903, they returned to Hennessey, in Oklahoma Territory.

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A southbound passenger train was several hours late arriving in Hennessey that night. It arrived and finally pulled out at 2:20 a.m. Augusta (Gus) Cravatt, a young black man, met the train to escort a lady home.

About 20 minutes after the train's departure, the Martin brothers and Clarence Simmons appeared at the depot. They entered the waiting room and two went into the office. The third brandished a rifle in the waiting room and held up four persons. The victims were robbed and ordered into the office.

One of the robbers went outside to stand watch. The two gang members inside emptied the cash drawer of $8.25. The station operator was ordered to open the safe, but he told the outlaws it was not possible.

Intent upon getting the money, one of the bandits used a crowbar and spiking hammer on the safe. As he worked, the outlaw outside called out, "Halt!" A shot sounded, followed by a scream.

Night watchmen Bevard (first name unknown) and Mike McShea heard the shot and appeared at the corner of the City Hotel. The robber spotted them and commanded a halt. The robber fired and McShea and Bevard returned the fire.

Bevard's gun jammed after two shots and he took cover behind a telephone pole. The outlaw blasted the pole, then dashed into the depot to tell the other two it was time to leave.

The three outlaws raced south down the platform to their horses. Bevard ran to the depot and found Gus Cravatt, the young black, lying wounded west of the tracks.

Cravatt's wound in his right leg bled profusely. The boy was taken to his father's home. Two doctors were unable to stop the bleeding and young Cravatt died.

SHERIFF'S posses were organized to pursue the outlaws, but to no avail. Little was heard from the gang until June 14, 1903. On this day the Martin Gang made an appearance on the Osage Reservation.

The reservation (now Osage County, Oklahoma) was located in the northeastern part of the state. The sparsely settled area had many hiding places in the dense blackjack oak. The only law was the Osage Indian Police and a few U. S. deputy marshals.

It was to this refuge the Martin brothers came with their old friend Simmons in the summer of 1903.

By June 14, the gang needed new horses. They decided to conceal themselves near the road between Pawhuska and Bartlesville and relieve travelers of their mounts.

About three miles southwest of Bartlesville the gang found the perfect spot. The road ran between two hills along Liza Creek. Many trees provided cover.

Shortly after noon, Frank Watson of Bartlesville rode along the road on his way home. The Martins jumped from cover and seized his horse. Watson was told he wouldn't be harmed if he behaved as he looked into the barrels of several Colt 45s.

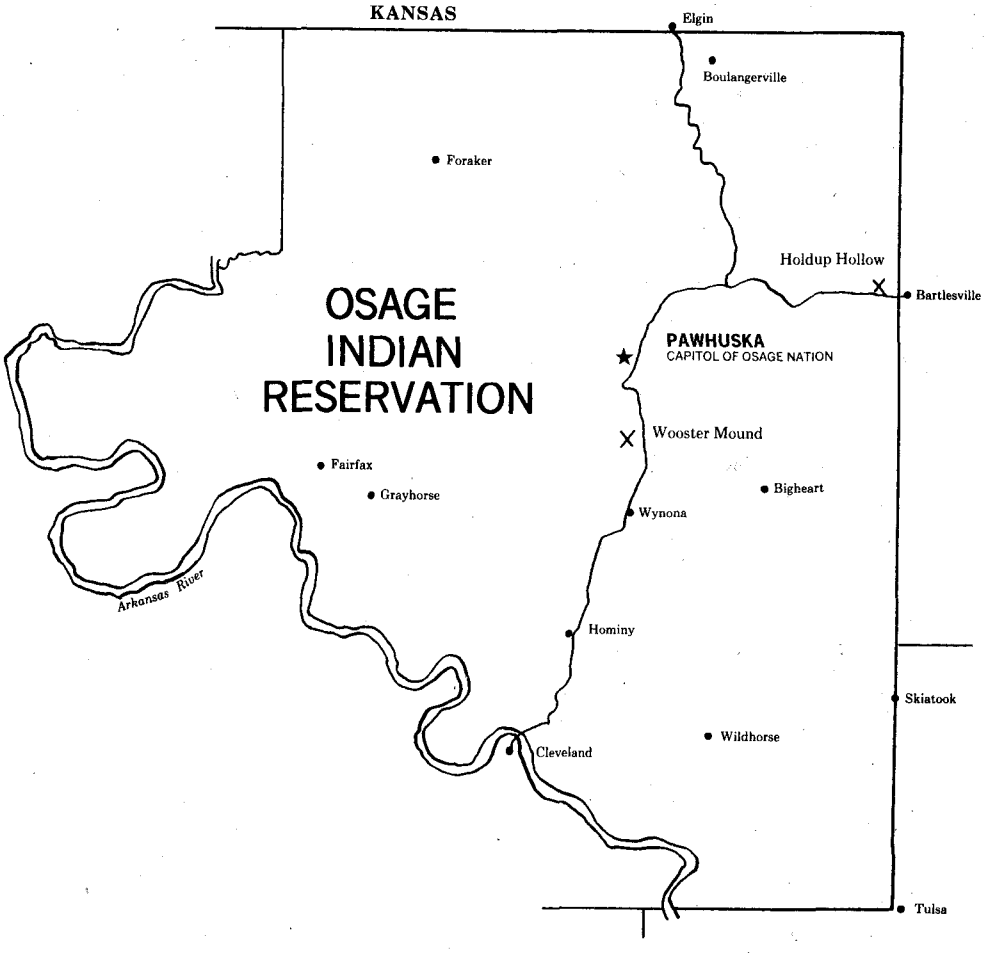
Fred Keeler of Bartlesville was the next traveler to become a victim. Keeler, driving a buggy, quickly complied with the outlaw's demands. He and his team were led into the woods to join Watson.

As the afternoon wore on, everyone passing along the road was stopped and led off to a secluded spot. Nellie Johnstone Cannon, a victim of the holdup, wrote the following account several years later:

"ONE beautiful Sunday afternoon in the early spring of 1904 (actually 1903), as a picnic party composed of Keeler, Johnstone, Bopst, Beattie and Bixler families was returning from a day in the Osage, we were halted by a band of out-

Courtesy Joe D. Haines Jr.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Wiley G. Haines, above, and map of Osage Indian Reservation, below.



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Courtesy University of Oklahoma

Courtesy Pam Haines

Top: Sam and Will Martin who were shot on Aug. 8, 1903, near Pawhuska. Next: The banks of Liza Creek which runs through Holdup Hollow. Taken in vicinity of Martin Gang robbery.

laws at a point where the old trail followed the course of Liza Creek between two Osage hills, a short distance west of Bartlesville. We were all quite surprised, and of course considerably frightened until we learned of the real cause of all the confusion.

"Three bandits, two of them members of a family living on Coon Creek, had held up a train during the night, had hidden in the hills, and were now endeavoring to procure some good saddle horses upon which to make their getaway.

"There were many horses in the caravan that looked good to the bandits, among them a high spirited span of sorrels driven by Fred Keeler, but many of these driving horses were not saddle broke, so they had considerable difficulty getting mounts. They recognized my father, and were courteous enough to let him designate which one of his horses they should take.

"As it took several hours to go through this process of elimination and select the horses upon which the bandits were to depend for their escape, quite a large group of people had assembled — all traffic from both directions being detained by the bandits."

Former U. S. Deputy Marshal Dave Ware and his wife drove by in their buggy in the midafternoon as they were on their way to Pawhuska for the Osage annuities payment. When the outlaws ordered him to stop, Ware realized he had $50 in his pocket. He threw up his hands and let the money drop to the bottom of the buggy. His wife picked it up and hid it in her hair.

The money was never found by the outlaws, but they recognized Ware as a former peace officer and took his watch. With the exception of Ware's watch, the only articles taken by the gang were three horses and saddles.

As the afternoon wore on, a farmer with a big load of hay drove down the road. The Martins stopped him but were unable to get the wagon off the road. They used the hay wagon as a roadblock forcing subsequent passers-by to stop.

Various reports set the number of persons detained by the Martin Gang at between 75 and 101. Since the bandits believed they would be unknown to their victims, they did not disguise themselves.

THE three bandits finally decided they had enough horses to provide three mounts. A fine team of Hambletonian sorrels driven by Fred Keeler caught their fancy.

The horses belonged to Keeler's father and had never been ridden. When the Martins climbed on, their captives were treated to a wild exhibition of bronco-busting. The animals refused to be ridden.

After repeated attempts, Keeler mischievously advised the Martins to use spurs because the horses were used to being ridden with spurs. The outlaws spurred the horses and were thrown so hard they threatened to shoot Keeler for his advice.

The outlaws, who had spent six to seven hours selecting horses, took three horses belonging to Frank Watson, Lou Johnstone and Frank Bixler. The bandits told their captives they were free to go.

THE Bartlesville Weekly Examiner of June 20, 1903, gave the holdup front-page headlines.

"One of the most remarkable acts of lawlessness in the history of Indian Territory was committed in this locality last Sunday afternoon when three daring outlaws captured fully seventy-five citizens of Bartlesville — men, women and children — and held them on a main travelled highway for six or seven hours."

One victim reported that the outlaws "were courteous and well-mannered as a gentleman would be in his own home while entertaining company." The account went on to describe how the

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Courtesy Joe D. Haines Jr.

Courtesy Beth Thomas Meeks

Chief Warren Bennett (left) and Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas.

bandits displayed remarkable coolness and daring in their operation.

The paper also noted that, "The holdup partook more strongly of a whimsical caper of drunken cowboys than it did of a raid by frontier bandits."

That evening the gang camped in a hollow near Pawhuska. By chance, cattleman Clark Riley and his men were moving cattle from one pasture to another and passed through the hollow where the desperadoes were camped.

The three bandits covered Riley and his men and kept them in custody until sundown. The gang forced the cattlemen to return to camp and cook for them but nothing was taken from Riley or his men. The hostages were soon released.

The Osage Journal believed the desperadoes were planning to rob the Pawhuska bank because the Osage Indian payment was to be made that week. The Journal admonished the lawbreakers that "Pawhuska would perhaps be the hardest town in the territory for a daylight robbery (because) of the location of the streets surrounding the bank and the large number of people who carry guns."

It is doubtful the Martin Gang remained in the Osage long enough to stop at Pawhuska. The reservation swarmed with lawmen and bounty hunters spurred by the $12,000 reward for the Martin Gang's capture.

IN less than a month the notorious Martins again found themselves in the headlines after the murder of Marshal John Cross. The Okarche Times on July 10, 1903, reported:

"City Marshal John Cross of Geary was shot and killed about 11 o'clock Tuesday evening one mile south of Geary in Blaine County by three desperadoes supposed to be Oscar Green and the two Martin brothers." Green was probably Clarence Simmons.

The gang robbed the post office and general store in Ida, Woods County, on the night of July 2. They then unwittingly camped in Marshal Cross's wheat field. As the officer rode home he saw the men and horses in the moonlight. He rode over to inspect. When the outlaws saw he was an officer, they killed him with three shots.

The threesome then rode south toward the South Canadian River. Marshal Cross's horse returned home and searchers found his body the next morning.

Sheriffs Ozman and Love (of Blaine and Kingfisher counties) and U. S. Deputy Marshal Heck Thomas formed a posse and pursued the outlaws who were believed to be heading for the Wichita Mountains.

But once again, the Martins eluded their pursuers and disappeared. It was next rumored the gang robbed a train depot in Texas. This was never substantiated.

On Aug. 2, 1903, three heavily armed men rode to the home of a farmer in the Osage Indian Reservation about two miles southwest of Pawhuska and demanded supper.

After the three men departed, the farmer notified the Osage Indian Police of their presence. No trace of the men was found until the following day, when an Osage Indian informed U. S. Deputy Marshal Wiley G. Haines that three men had eaten dinner at his home about five miles from Pawhuska that afternoon.

Marshal Haines notified Chief of Indian Police Warren Bennett and constable Henry Majors. The three officers decided the descriptions fit the Martin Gang.

The identification was made definite when several cowboys reported they recognized three strangers from the Bartlesville holdup. The lawmen learned the gang was camped seven miles southeast of Pawhuska at a place called Wooster's Mound.

As Bennett, Haines and Majors neared Wooster's Mound, they spotted the campsite. They dismounted about 100 yards away.

The outlaws were in a strongly fortified camp on a wooded knoll, surrounded by deep ravines. One of their horses was tied to a tree on the knoll and the other two horses were in a nearby canyon.

With Bennett in the center, Haines on the right and Majors off to the left the lawmen closed in. Suddenly the outlaws saw the lawmen and fired.

Will Martin ran for his horse and rifle and was shot in the right leg. A second

(continued on page 50)

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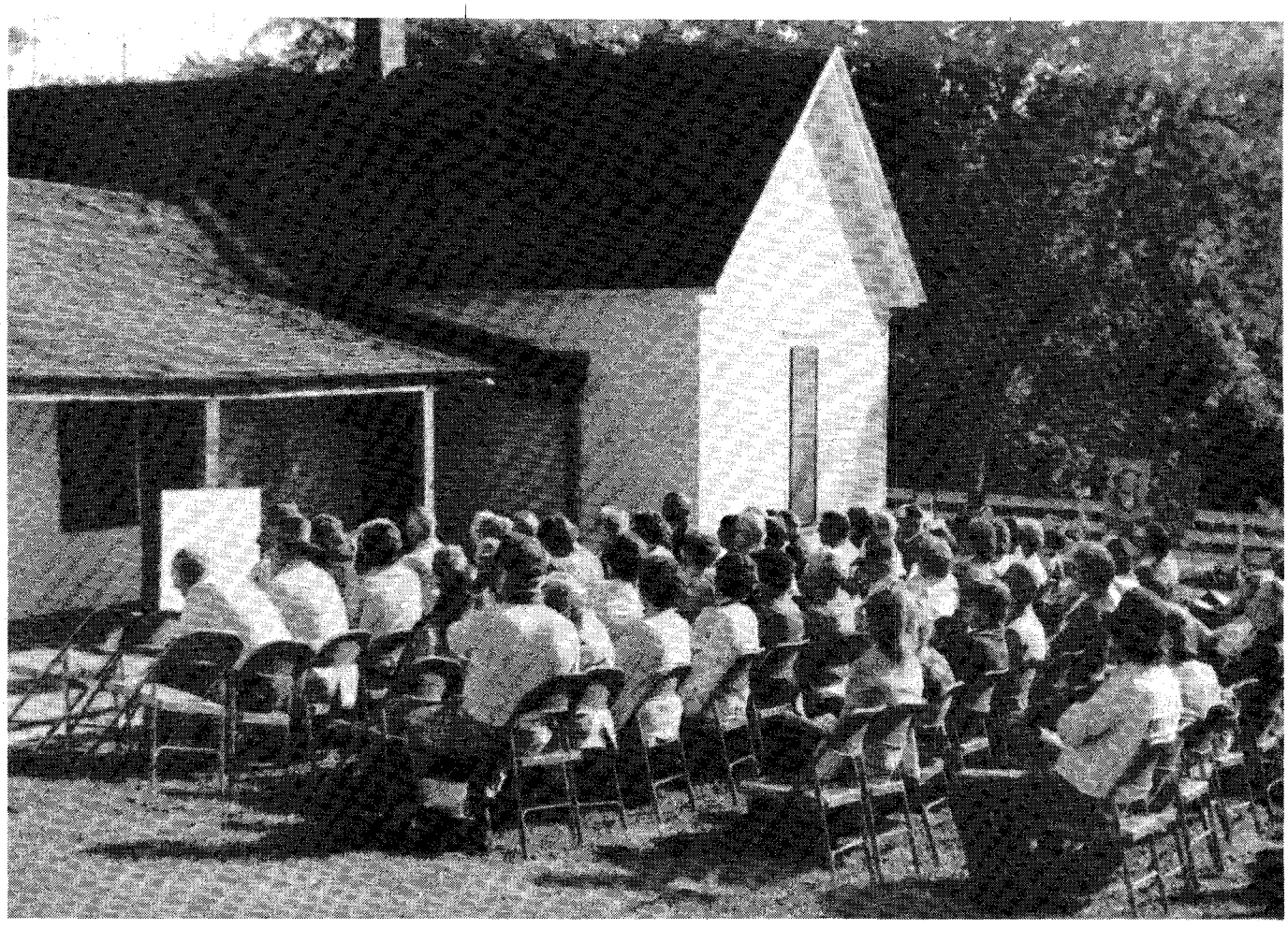

Some 200 James and Younger descendants gathered on the lawn at the James farm near Kearney, Missouri, recently, for a day-long program. Here, Milton Perry, farm curator, welcomed the group. This was the first James-Younger reunion in more than 100 years. James' family home in background.

Jameses and Youngers Meet Again

By PHILLIP W. STEELE
Photos Courtesy of Author

FOR the first time since the infamous Northfield, Minnesota, raid by the James-Younger gang in 1876, the James and the Youngers recently met again.

The occasion was the James-Younger reunion at the James Farm near Kearney, Missouri, on Sept. 16, 17 and 18. After the success of the first James reunion at the farm in 1982, Milton Perry, Clay County, Missouri parks director and James Farm curator, and Wilber Zink, president of the Friends of the James Farm, decided to include the Youngers in this year's event. About 200 from 18 states attended this year.

The first morning, Mrs. Lawrence Barr, wife of Jesse James' grandson, discussed the James family genealogy and with the assistance of other James family members answered questions. The rest of the morning was spent in group discussions, displaying family albums, photographs and heirlooms and sharing of James-Younger history.

After lunch Phillip Steele of Springdale, Arkansas, talked on those who impersonated Jesse and Frank James. Tom Moore of Liberty, Missouri, presented new information on early James-Younger bank robberies. Guided tours were given of the James home, built in 1822, and nearby Claybrook House, once the home of Jesse James' daughter.

The host city of Kearney, Missouri, sponsored a Jesse James Day Rodeo.

Lawrence Barr, grandson of Jesse

Leola Mayes, Kansas City, Missouri, *daughter of Sally Younger Duncan*, Cole Younger's sister, shared a great deal of history about her famous ancestors.

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In photo at left, Lawrence Barr, Jesse James' grandson, and Mrs. Barr pose at reunion while painting of grandfather Jesse peers over Lawrence's shoulder. At right, James and Younger descendants gathered in groups to discuss and argue history during breaks in program.

James, commented that he had been haunted by his James ancestry throughout his 81 years but is proud to be the grandson of America's greatest folk hero.

"You put the name James on anything and you've got a sure sale. Why right here in Kearney is a restaurant features a Frank James sandwich," he said. "The worst problem in being a James relative is that someone always runs off with anything the family lays down. Granddad Jesse's grave marker here on the farm, before it was moved, was chipped down to a nub by souvenir seekers. Even his new stone in Kearney cemetery has been molested."

Jack Hall, whose grandmother was Cole Younger's sister, made similar comments. "Poor old Cole's grave has been moved five times," she said.

Jack Nicholson, Kansas City, Missouri, whose grandmother was a half-sister to Jesse and Frank James, related, "Frank was the coldbloodest of the two. My grandfather said you could talk Jesse out of killing you, but if Frank said he was going to kill you, he would kill you."

Charles Brashier, an industrial arts instructor from Kansas City, Missouri, and one of the few blacks there said he spent some 25 years trying to establish his Younger relationship. An old will he produced explained his grandmother, Elizabeth Simpson, had been acquired by Charles Younger, Cole's father, as a slave. The will proved that Charles Younger had two children by the slave woman who were half-sister and half-brother to Cole Younger.

Relatives of the Samuel family, of the Mimmses, Coles, a Dalton or two and even a granddaughter of Buffalo Bill Cody added color to the three-day event.

Relatives, writers, historians and film-makers generally agreed the task of separating fact from fiction within the James-Younger legend is endless. This first James-Younger family meeting in over 100 years succeeded in bringing out many new facts and legends.

Mrs. Lawrence Barr, wife of Jesse James' grandson, reviewed James family genealogy at the James-Younger reunion. The reunion was held last September at the James Farm near Kearney, Missouri.

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REEL COWBOYS

Slam-bang, Non-stop Action

By BILL O'NEAL

BY the late 1930s, James Cagney was one of Hollywood's leading attractions, a vigorous star of explosive gangster movies, romances and musicals. Warner Brothers decided to take the dynamic actor out of his accustomed New York setting and place him in the Old West, alongside the ususal Warners' strong supporting cast and fast-paced screenplay.

Cagney strapped on a pair of six-shooters, traded his three-piece suit and snap-brim hat for a buckskin jacket and ten-gallon sombrero, and galloped into the Cherokee Strip to take on the notorious Whip McCord gang. McCord, a nasty villain dressed in black, was played by Humphrey Bogart who had fought it out onscreen with Cagney before, but in city streets and alleys.

With his usual gusto and cockiness, Cagney portrayed the ne'er-do-well black sheep of an honorable frontier family. When McCord and the other bad guys gun down his father and brother, Cagney takes the vengeance trail, with time out to court Rosemary Lane.

Cagney did not bother to drop his Bowery accent and he looked a little out of place with his stubby legs astride a horse. More familiar in the western background was Ward Bond as Bogart's henchman and sagebrush veterans Trevor Bardette and Clem Bevans. Donald Crisp was stalwart as Judge Hardwick, Lane's father and upholder of justice.

Old-time Oklahoma outlaw Al Jennings served as technical adviser for the motion picture.

The action is slam-bang and non-stop. Early in the movie Bogart and gang rob a stagecoach, but a smiling and fast-shooting Cagney retrieves the money. Fist fights ensue, hoofer Cagney enjoys a pioneer dance with Lane, there is a wild land-rush scene, Cagney outdraws his father's killers in several gunfights and the film climaxes with a rip-roaring saloon shootout.

Warner Brothers made movies which *moved,* and "The Oklahoma Kid" was no exception.

James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart squaring off.

A Sensational Holdup

(continued from page 47)

shot killed Will instantly. As Sam Martin returned fire, a bullet hit him in the right shoulder. Another shot shattered his left wrist. Sam ran about twenty yards and fell.

Haines rushed forward and Sam triggered one last shot which hit the marshal in the right shoulder. Bennett and Majors charged Sam and disarmed him while threatening to blow his head off. He surrendered. Clarence Simmons, third gang member, ran for the timber and escaped.

Haines was bleeding profusely. Bennett cut the lead out of Haines' back with a pocket knife to "ease the pain."

This gun battle took less than a minute. Twenty-seven shots were fired, six from the outlaws, one of which hit Marshal Haines.

Sam Martin was given medical attention but died. Before his death, Sam regretted he'd done wrong saying, "I guess I have been on the wrong trail."

He confessed to the Bartlesville holdup but gave no information regarding other crimes charged to the Martin Gang.

Marshal Haines remained in critical condition for some time. The Bartlesville Weekly Examiner said "he is known as one of the bravest and most successful officers in Oklahoma." After several months Haines recovered and received a commendation from the U. S. Attorney. He continued working as a peace officer until his death in 1927.

So ended the career of the infamous Martin brothers. An intensive manhunt was conducted for Clarence Simmons but no clues could be found as to his whereabouts.

Seventeen years later Simmons was apprehended in Booneville, Missouri. Simmons had fled to Jacksonville, Florida, where he lived under an assumed name. Simmons was charged in Kingfisher County for the murder of Gus Cravatt on March 30, 1903; however, he was acquitted.

But the shootout at Wooster Mount signaled the end of an era of crime in the Osage. No longer could outlaws feel safe in the vast wilderness of the Osage Nation. And never again would the people of the Osage Nation be the victims of such a spectacular robbery.

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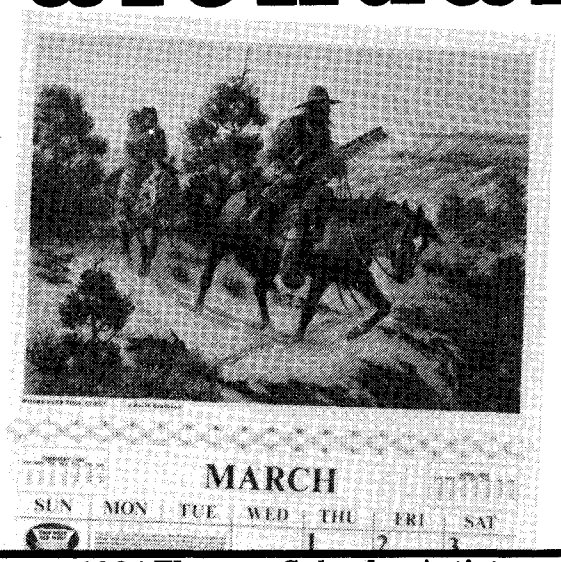

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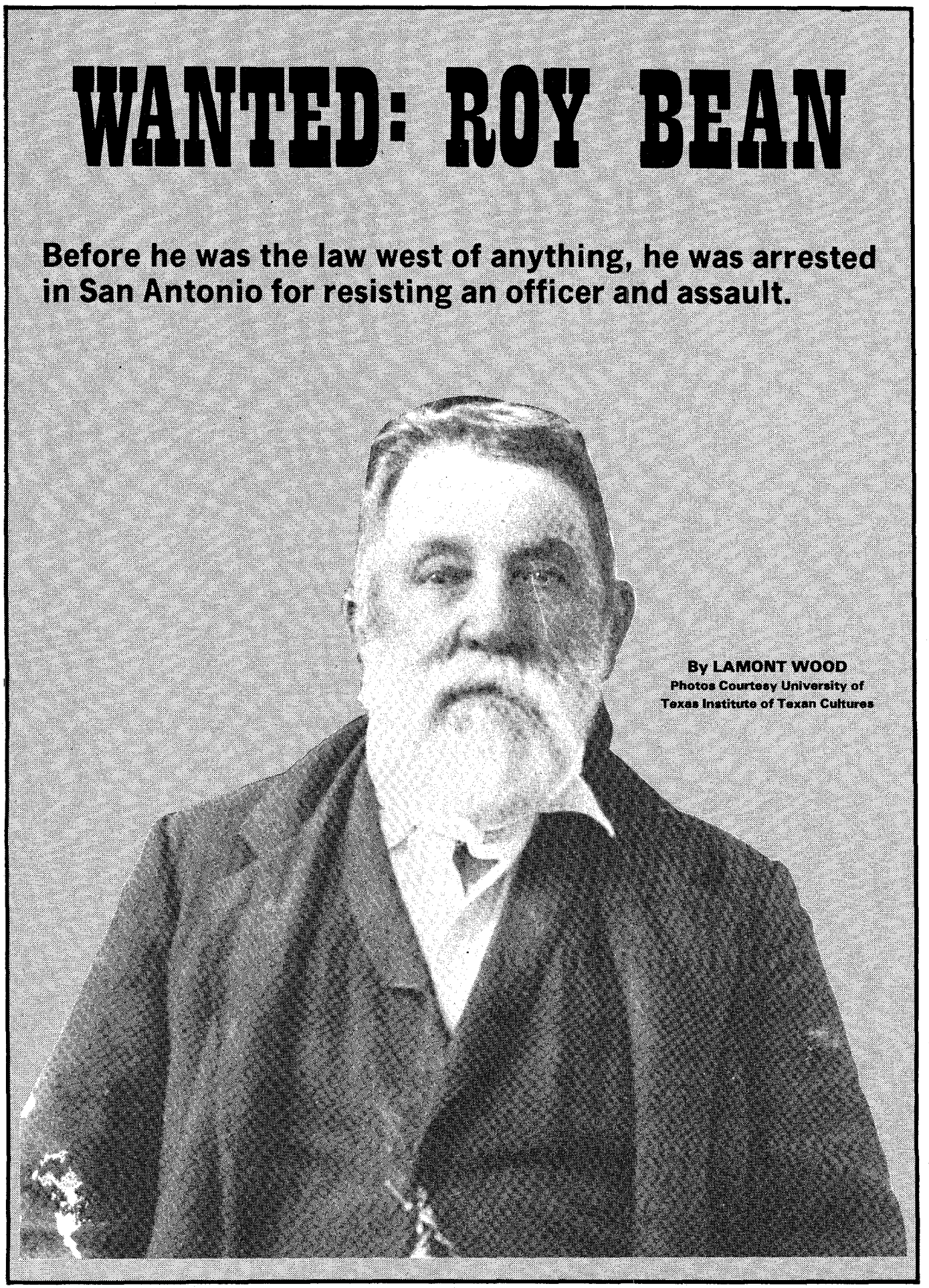
WANTED: ROY BEAN

Before he was the law west of anything, he was arrested in San Antonio for resisting an officer and assault.



By LAMONT WOOD
Photos Courtesy University of Texas Institute of Texan Cultures

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ROY Bean stood in the doorway, covering the room with a double barrel shotgun. Two other men nervously kept watch from the yard. Special Deputy U. S. Marshal J. H. Horan advanced primly into the house and nabbed his quarry.

It was 10 a.m. on July 10, 1875, at a house just south of San Antonio, Texas, and the members of this little posse finally accomplished what they'd been trying to do for the previous four days: Evict an unarmed housewife.

This inept and one-sided showdown was part of a drawn-out land title dispute and would plunge the posse members into a legal wrangle which continued for four years. But ironically — or poetically — it also appears to have been the event that introduced Roy Bean, the future "Law West of the Pecos," to the Texas legal system.

Court records recently surfaced in Bexar County (San Antonio), Texas, showing that Roy Bean was a thorn in the side of the law seven years before he became the law west of anything.

IT was in 1882 that Texas Ranger Captain T. L. Oglesby appointed Bean as justice of the peace for Langtry, a railroad construction camp about 180 miles west of San Antonio.

There Bean set himself up as a saloon keeper. From his appointment until his death in 1903, Bean worked hard at making himself one of the legends of the Old West, dispensing booze and a brand of justice that was a mixture of common sense, expediency, personal profit and precious little law.

In Langtry, the bar of justice was more bar than justice as Bean discovered that trials were a great marketing tool, enhancing the thirst of jurors and witnesses. Since there was money in it, Bean fined a corpse $40 (for carrying a concealed weapon), held coroner's inquests on people who were still alive (he got $5 per inquest and they were goners anyway), granted divorces for $15 (he had married them, and a man can undo his own mistakes), and fined unpopular saloon customers for disturbing the peace (especially Yankees who expected change on a $20 gold piece when they bought a 35-cent beer).

His most notorious legal opinion involved a railroad foreman accused of killing a Chinese laborer. Present were about 200 of the foreman's friends. Warily eyeing the rowdy, partisan mob, Bean flipped through his law book and then announced to the satisfaction of everyone present that "there ain't no law in the state of Texas against killing a Chinaman."

He also conducted an utterly hopeless letter-writing campaign to woo world famous actress Lily Langtry, the "Jersey Lily." He named his saloon after her (misspelled it "Jersey Lilly"). He also told her that he had named the town after her and that he was a Canadian. Neither was true, but Bean may have considered it at least as good as the truth.

IF his background remains hazy, Bean may have preferred it that way. He was born in Kentucky in 1825, and came to San Antonio as a teenager to join his brother in the bullwhacking trade. There are tales of adventure in Mexico and California, always ending with Bean's abrupt departure to preserve his health.

Bean appears to have peacefully settled in San Antonio after the Civil War, marrying 17-year-old Virginia Chavez in 1866. They had four children and adopted a fifth. Bean evaded paying the rent and an apparently apocryphal wife-beating charge.

In 1873, the family bought a stone house about two-and-a-half miles south of San Antonio (now well within the city limits) on the west side of the San Antonio River just south of its intersection with meandering San Pedro Creek. Around them grew a highly unfashionable neighborhood called Beanville.

Bean with four of his five children, circa 1890. The two daughters are Zulema (left) and Laura. His sons were Roy, Sam and James. The two shown cannot be identified.

Left: Judge Roy Bean, probably taken in Langtry, Texas, about 1890.

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ACROSS San Pedro Creek from Beanville was the house on a 163-acre tract of land that became the bone of contention in a long-running civil suit, fought in both state and federal courts.

Things got interesting in June 1875, when Bexar County Sheriff H. D. Bonnett served a state writ of sequestration on the property. He took possession for the court and ran off "some Mexicans and Italians" who said they were renting it from James Chandler, one of the defendants in the lawsuit.

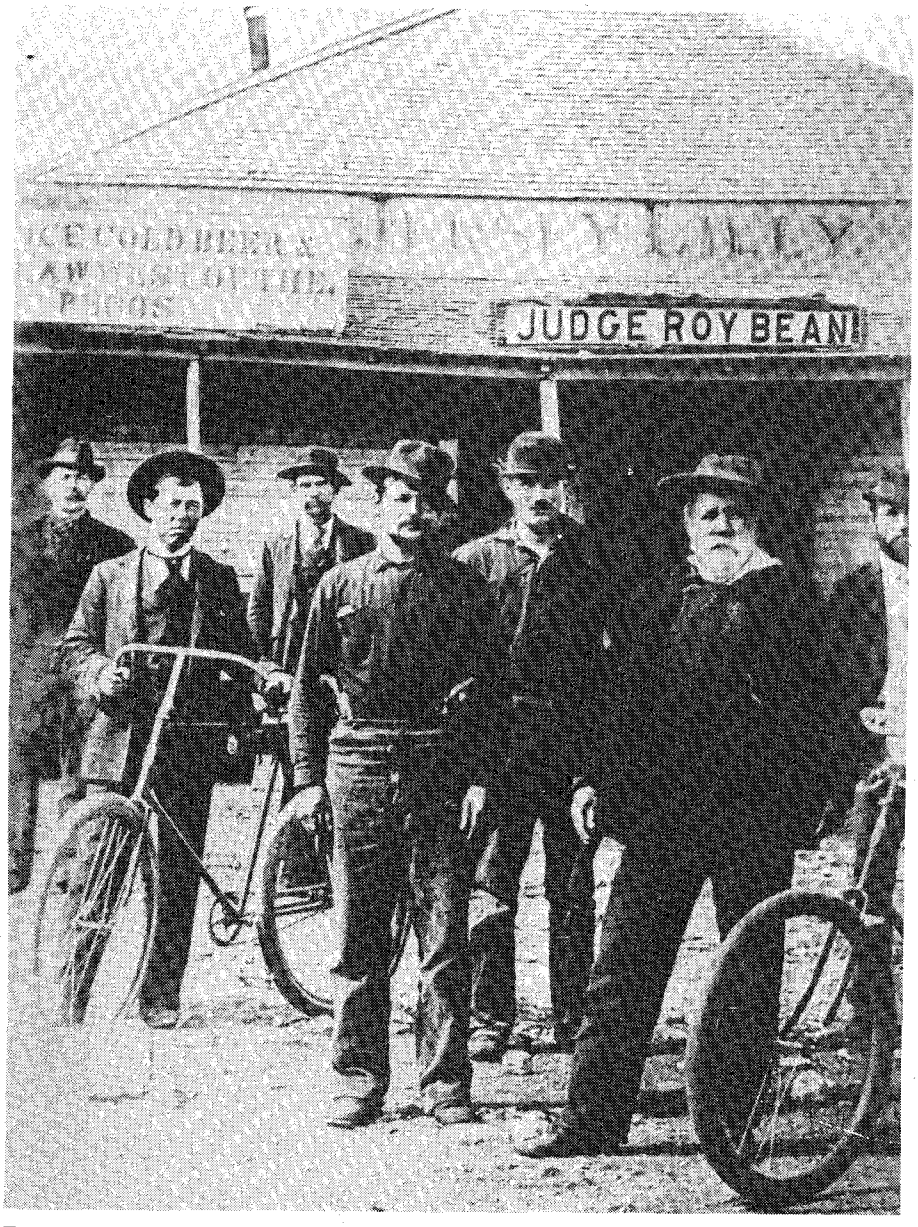
For reasons known only to himself, Sheriff Bonnett then chose as his custodian one Ulysses Grandjean, a plaintiff in the case whose native language was French. A federal court had already awarded the property to Chandler.

The opposition swung into action and obtained a federal writ against Grandjean. On July 6, 1875, Bethel Coopwood, Chandler's attorney, arrived at the property with J. H. Horan, a "Special Deputy U. S. Marshal" (the process server), a law student named Dwyer, and Roy Bean.

Exactly why they hired Bean to help serve the process wasn't recorded. He supposedly had been a California Ranger prior to the Civil War and because he was a next-door neighbor, they may have planned to make him custodian of the property.

Things went smoothly on the first outing. The Grandjean family wasn't home. Deputy Sheriff Fred Boden rode up and asked what they were doing, and showed them the sheriff's writ. Horan asked to see Boden's "deputation" — the document showing he was a sheriff's deputy.

Since Boden wasn't carrying it, Horan snubbed him, and the Bean-Coopwood group locked the house and posted notices.



Bean (in white beard) with some patrons outside his saloon-court in Langtry some time in the 1890s.

TWO days later they returned (possibly summoned by Bean) to find things hadn't gone well. Ulysses Grandjean was in the house with the door barricaded. While they were issuing ultimatums, Sheriff's Deputy J. P. McCall appeared and both parties showed each other their writs.

McCall later testified that "Coopwood then told me that if I would lay my little finger on Horan and lead him off the property that he (Horan) would go without resistance."

Apparently McCall took this as an invitation to get killed and quickly backed down, saying he was only there to notify them of the sheriff's writ. Deputy McCall left. The Bean-Coopwood group then arrested Grandjean on a federal warrant they acquired and took him back to town.

Bean and Coopwood returned the next day, finding Mrs. Grandjean, her children and friends inside the house. Bean told her she was being foolish, that "your lawyers will get all you have." She waved a writ at them.

"I'm tired of reading that paper," growled Horan, giving it back. The fact that the title page was written in French, signed "Cherif Bonet le 19 Juin 1875," may have increased his irritation. Coopwood gave her until 10 a.m. the next day to leave.

The Bean-Coopwood posse was back promptly at 10 a.m. the next day. Mrs. Grandjean was there, too. Without further ado, they rushed the place. Deputy Marshal Horan grabbed the woman by the arm and dragged her to the street and the others removed the Grandjean furniture.

Seven days later, Sheriff Bonnett had Bean, Coopwood and Horan arrested for "resisting officers in the execution of a civil process." Although some have said that Bean was barely literate, his signature on his bond surety is bold and competent.

THE case (number 1875-1500) went to trial in November 1875, and the three were found guilty, Coopwood and Horan were fined $250 and Bean was slapped on the wrist with a $5 fine. The verdict was appealed.

As the appeal dragged on, Bean found time for further trouble, but managed to wiggle out of it.

Almost at the same time as the standoff with the Grandjeans, Bean was

(continued on page 59)

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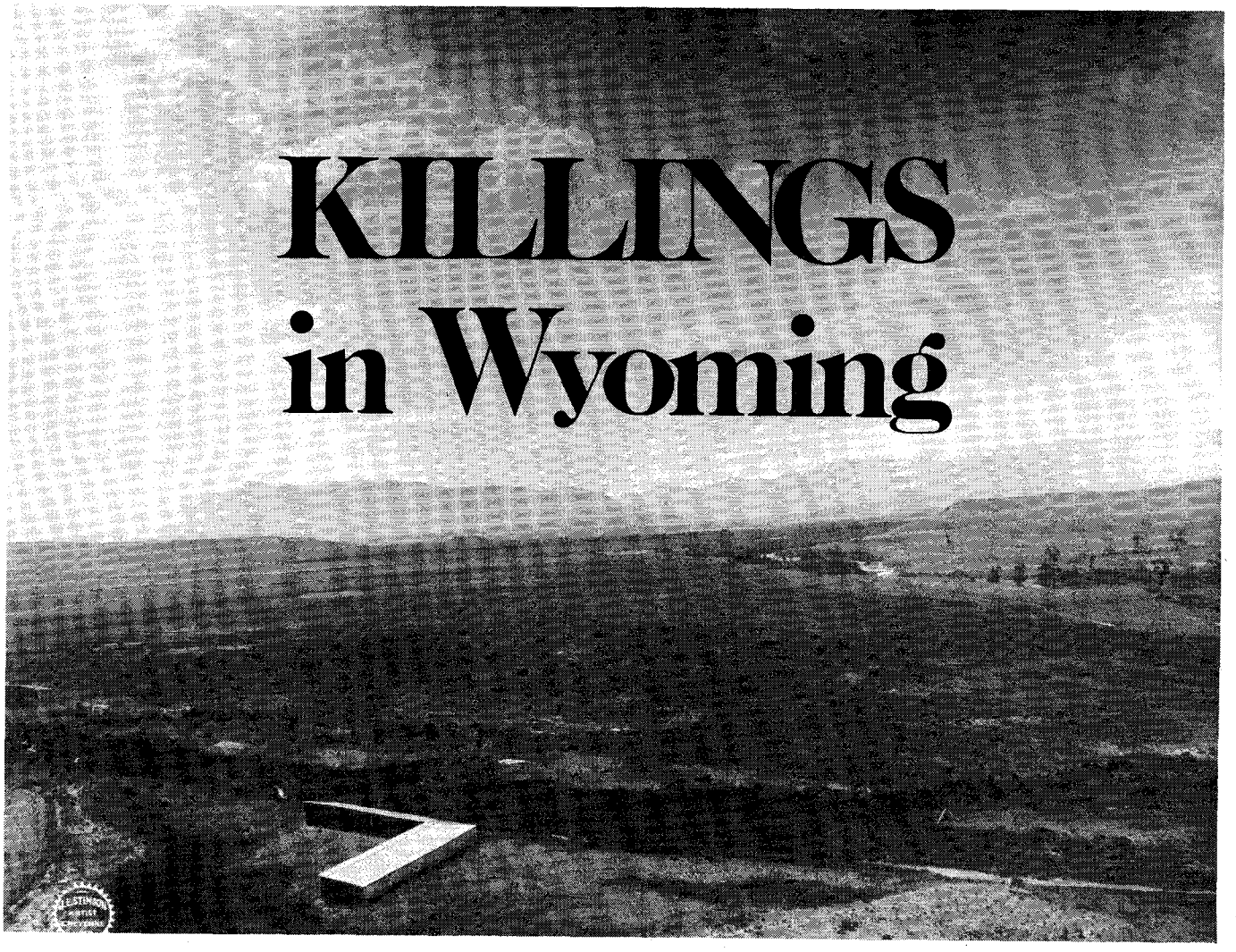
KILLINGS in Wyoming



Otto Franc's famed Pitchfork Ranch in Big Horn County, Wyoming. All photos with this story courtesy Wyoming State Archives.

By DOROTHY MILEK

DEATH chooses its time and place. Men may not have the cat's traditional nine lives, but they often have harrowing, narrow escapes, only to die later in unusual circumstances before reaching a ripe old age.

So it was the "Dab" Burch and "Pistol Billy."

These two men came together in the Owl Creek Valley of Wyoming. No towns were yet settled in what would become Hot Springs County and ranches were few and far between.

Dab was tall and slender but powerfully built and rawboned. A Missourian, he had come to the Big Horn Basin around 1888 and was in his late twenties or early thirties. Riding tall in his yellow slicker on which were painted his initials "DAB" for David A. Burch, he cut a dashing figure for the few females of the countryside.

Mae Sliney Holdredge, a valley pioneer, remembered him as a handsome man. He was a visitor to their place while with a roundup crew. Her mother cut his hair and the next time he came he brought Mae's younger sister, Carrie, a jumping jack which he carved.

Less is known of "Pistol" Billy Rogers although it is believed he was a "native." Small and wiry, Pistol Billy worked for the Pitchfork Ranch and others in the Big Horn Basin, and he became a partner of Dab's in the horse business on Owl Creek.

According to pioneer Leonard Short, the two formed a loose partnership "with a couple of 40-foot, seven-sixteenth inch ropes and a pair of cinch rings for capital."

Pistol Billy had a quiet disposition while Dab's was an outgoing personality.

SHORT, who in the 1880s ran the mail route from Fort Washakie to Meeteetse, recalled that Burch was at Fort Washakie in the fall of 1889. While there he got into difficulty with Butch Cassidy's friend Al Hainer (Hayner).

"During the argument Hayner asked him if he was heeled. Dab answering that he was heeled at all times for a guy like him made a move towards his gun. Hayner did not shoot but with a quick overhead blow smashed the barrel of the gun on top of Dab's head, and floored him neatly. The joke of it was that Dab left his gun in his room."

Maybe Dab was still soreheaded when he next met his partner. The two had a falling out of some sort. Short said that bad blood existed over their horses.

One story is that the ensuing fight was caused by an argument over a mare.

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Still another says it was the eternal triangle which set the men at each other's throats. The fracas took place during roundup at the Angus McDonald Ranch on Gooseberry Creek.

An uncomplimentary remark made by Dab about one Sagebrush Nancy or something about the horses started the argument. Dab wanted to fight. Pistol Billy, knowing he was outmatched physically, refused and pulled his gun. Dab didn't back down. They decided to duel.

They selected a level, lawn-like site on the south side of the creek. Pistol Billy asked a bystander to pace off the customary ten steps. The man refused saying he wanted "no chips in the deal."

Others felt the same for Short recalled that "while all the punchers were willing enough to be the spectators of such a good show, still none of them wanted to be mixed up personally in such a law-breaking proceeding as seconds."

Revolvers loaded, the men started their countdowns. Some say they were back to back and turned to fire at five steps, ten steps or 15 paces. Others recalled that Pistol Billy backed up, keeping his eye on Dab who held his gun downward, standing sideways to Billy to be ready when the signal was given.

According to this version, at the ninth step Billy fired, hitting Dab in the lungs. It knocked him backward to the ground. Dab, too, had gotten off a shot, nailing Billy in the chest.

Billy didn't flinch. He kept pumping lead. Dab shot from the ground and regained his feet.

Billy fired again. Dab was knocked down again by a shot to the head. It went through his eyebrow, plowed a furrow in his skull, around above his ear and exited with no serious damage.

Groggily Dab tried to get to his feet but couldn't. Wiping the blood streaming into his eyes, he emptied his revolver.

Billy fired a fourth shot, grazing Dab's knee. The bullet dug a flesh wound up his leg and entered his wrist.

That was enough for the bystanders. The guns were almost empty so it seemed reasonably safe. One rushed to Dab and snatched his gun away. Another asked Billy if he was hurt. He replied, "Yes," and keeled over. Regaining his feet, Billy leveled his revolver at Dab once more. Charles Swinburn grabbed the gun and in the scuffle a bullet was fired up Swinburn's sleeve, burning his arm.

Billy was taken to his bed in a nearby shed and Dab was carried to the house for a cleanup. A man was dispatched to find a hospital steward on leave from Fort Washakie who had been at a dance on the Wood River. Another headed for Fort Washakie to get the resident physician Dr. Schuelke.

When the steward arrived he redid the punchers' "surgery." The two gunfighters were then tied into the bottom of the mail wagon and taken to Fort Washakie.

In two days they made it to Short's place, the Mail Camp at the head of Muddy Creek on the south side of the mountains.

Dr. Schuelke met them there and removing all of the bullets, except for one lodged in Pistol Billy's groin, the doctor managed to keep the men alive.

Left at the ranch to convalesce, the duelers grew no fonder of each other. Put in the same room, in separate beds, they kept promising to do in each other upon recovery.

It must have been nerve-wracking for the Shorts. Short recalled that even when they were moved to separate rooms, visitors to either room would hear the occupant in the other snarl, "Is that damned son-of-a-gun dead yet?"

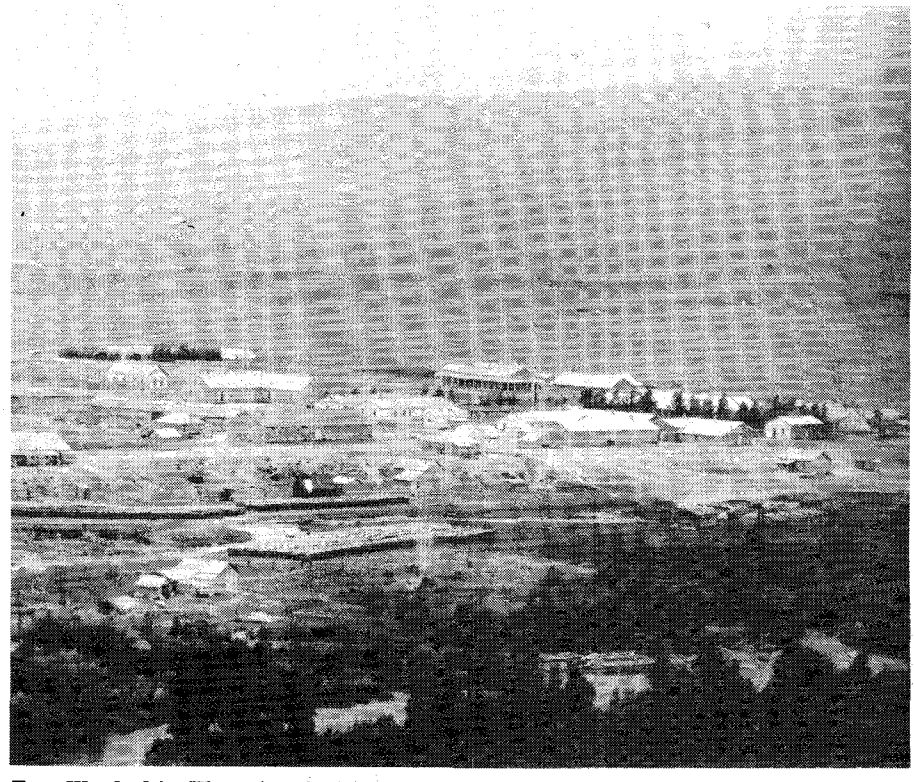
Before another explosion could occur, Dab was taken to Lander and then to the Hot Springs (later Thermopolis). Pistol Billy, as soon as he was able, went to Montana.

Fifteen years later Billy died in Montana of consumption caused by his chest injuries.

Leonard Short

THE last phase of Burch's life was set against a background of suspicion, tension and feuding. The wide open range was narrowing in the Big Horn Basin. Ranch owners and managers such as Otto Franc of the Pitchfork on the upper Graybull River, Henry Lovell of the ML on the eastern edge of the Basin, and McDonald of the LU, were increasingly jittery because of the flood of homesteaders coming into the country.

All too often the word "homesteader" was used interchangeably with the word



Fort Washakie, Wyoming, in 1895.

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"rustler." To the little guy, mavericking was just as proper as the big rancher's use of the public domain free of charge.

Dab chose a collision course. In the spring of 1892, he moved his 150 head of horses from Owl Creek to the Greybull River where he settled on the Haymaker place. During that year's July 4th celebration at Otto, Burch met another young fellow named Jack Bedford.

In his late twenties, Bedford was a Texan who went north on a trail drive two years before. He worked for Lovell's ML outfit at Five Springs and then threw in with Ira Walker.

It was a bad move for Bedford. Walker was on the cattlemen's black list for being too handy with a running iron while adding to his herd on Shell Creek.

But Bedford didn't better his standing by leaving Walker and moving in with Burch. They, too, started building a cattle herd. The situation was explosive.

In nearby Johnson County, a "war" between rustlers and cattlemen erupted in April 1892.

IN March, Otto Franc attended a meeting of northern Wyoming stockmen in Billings, Montana "to consider ways to protect ourselves against rustling."

Later he took guns and ammunition to his foreman George Merrill and his men who were down the Greybull. There Franc heard a rumor that one of Lovell's hands, while hunting horses on Dry Creek, was turned back by armed men.

Franc noted in his diary, "This has got to be stopped and I will see what we can do about it."

Franc's first step was to hire three detectives to watch activity in the basin. The three were John T. Wickham, Joe Rogers and H. B. Peverly (Peavler). Wickham was an employee of Franc's with whom he had been acquainted since at least 1888. Rogers, a former employee of Henry Lovell, was one of a group of men who leased grazing rights on the Crow Reservation in southern Montana. Peverly or Peavler was a mystery man.

Dr. J. A. Schuelke

IN time, Joe Rogers and Bedford became friends and it was said when aspersions were cast on Bedford, Rogers would come to his defense.

In September of 1892, the small outfits around Otto decided to round up cattle in the country between the Greybull River and 15-Mile Creek. Presumably this was without the sanction of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association which controlled the organization of the state's roundups.

Included in the Otto group were John A. Thorne, Johnnie Perkins, J. R. McKinnie, Joe Brown, Albert L. and J. R. Guynup, J. V. or J. U. Gould, and Monroe Johnson. Bedford and Burch asked, and were given permission, to join them.

Three stray saddle horses were caught with the second morning's gather. Foreman Thorne wanted to cut the strays out, but Burch and Bedford insisted on taking them along, saying that an ad seeking the owners could be placed in the Bonanza Rustler newspaper. An argument developed but Thorne finally agreed. He insisted, however, that Burch and Bedford drive the three strays off the range.

After their sweep was completed, the roundup crew pulled into McKinnie's place and Burch and Bedford persuaded him to keep the horses in his pasture.

John Seaman, a rancher from the Nowood area on the east side of the Big Horn Basin, arrived at McKinnie's on the evening of September 29 to claim the horses. He also had warrants for the arrests of Bedford and Burch.

Trial was set for Sept. 30, at Walter W. Peay's farm near the mouth of Nowood. He was a justice of peace for Johnson County. A threshing crew had just pulled into McKinnie's place and he refused to attend a trial until they were done harvesting. He figured he could make it on Oct. 1.

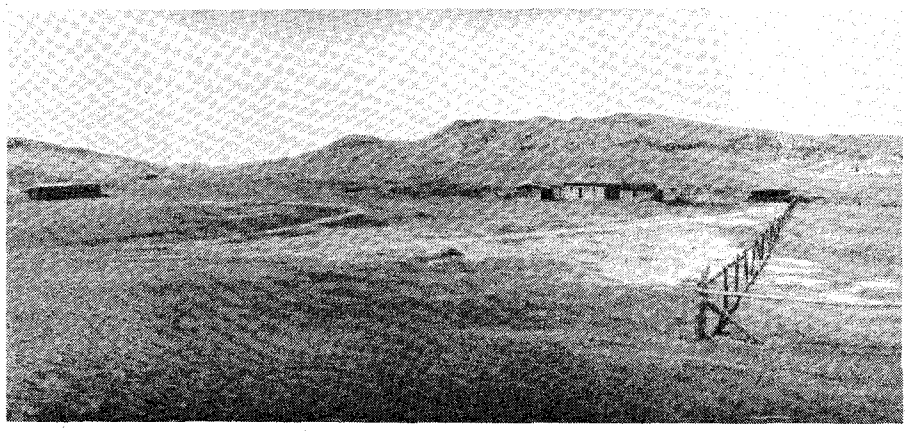
THE roundup crew met at McKinnie's and continued to Peay's. There they were surprised to see the three detectives Rogers, Peverly (or Peavler) and Wickham.

Court opened and Seaman and Peay heard the witnesses. Seaman decided the horses were not stolen and dropped the charges. Court was dismissed.

In the yard the defendants and Peverly started quarreling over the latter's testimony. Peverly said that previous to the roundup he saw Bedford driving the horses off the Nowood range. Infuriated, Bedford grabbed his accuser by the whiskers and drug him around the yard threatening to take a shot-loaded quirt to the detective.

Pulling the men apart, the roundup crew mounted and persuaded Bedford to do the same. They headed for home leaving the three hired "lawmen" behind. At a crossing of the Big Horn they saw the three riding toward them.

At fifty yeards the detectives dismounted and, laying drawn rifles across their saddles, ordered the Otto roundup crew to surrender as warrants had been issued for their arrest. Bedford and Burch quickly pulled their guns, dismounted and stepped behind their horses. Guns drawn, the rest of the crew took cover in some trees.



McDonald Ranch on Gooseberry Creek in 1898.

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Rogers then assured the men that the warrants were only for Burch and Bedford and were for assault at the "court house."

"Put up your guns, Dab," Bedford said, "Old Joe is a friend of mine. He will see us through." With no further qualms the two handed their weapons over to Rogers.

Rogers assured McKinnie and crew that there was no need for them to return to Peay's although they were prepared to do so. Rogers promised to protect Burch and Bedford.

Back the five went to Peay's. In a later statement, Peay wrote, "The...defendants were ordered by me to be arrested...for disturbing the peace by commencing a row, making threats and drawing revolvers and a loaded quirt at my office.... The court fined them $10 each which they refused to pay. Whereupon the Court ordered them to be taken to the County Jail."

The jail was in Buffalo, over the Big Horn Mountains. Rogers was to accompany them.

Necking the prisoners' mounts together, Rogers started to tie the men's feet under the horses' bellies. When Burch objected, Bedford again noted his friendship with Rogers and assured Burch they'd be all right.

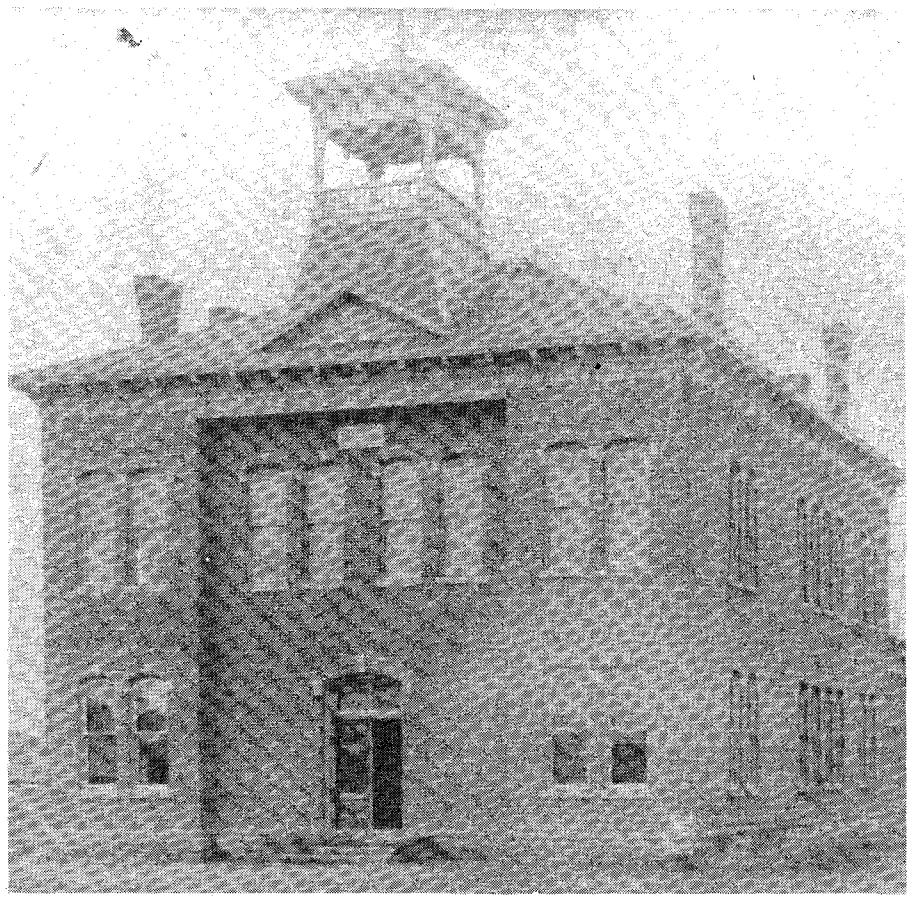
Rogers, the prisoners and rancher Seaman headed for Bonanza, planning to stop overnight at Seaman's place. The other two detectives appeared to head north. Instead they circled and headed for Bonanza. The two routes crossed in the bottom of a deep gulch and there the detectives waited.

When Bedford, Burch and Rogers approached, Peverly and Wickham rode out. They told Seaman they were taking the prisoners back to have the charges dropped and that he could head on home. So Seaman left, sealing the fate of Burch and Bedford.

All pretense was dropped after Seaman left. Cold-blooded Rogers rode up to Bedford and may have spoken to him for Rogers put his hands over his eyes. Rogers shot Bedford.

Quick-witted as always, according to Rogers afterward, Dab grabbed a knife from his pocket and leaning down slashed the rope from his feet. But he didn't have a chance. The detectives kept circling him until Wickham and Peverly mowed him down with their Winchesters.

BUT the story was not finished. A thresher by the name of Townsend found the bodies and rushed to Peay's place with his report. Peay's only reaction was to order him to build a box and bury the men. Townsend buried the two on a bluff opposite his farm.



Buffalo, Wyoming, courthouse, circa 1884.

The detectives dropped from view, probably hoping the heat would die down and threats on their lives from Otto homesteaders would come to nothing. That is almost the way it went with the help of rancher Otto Franc.

At the time of the killings he was with the fall roundup on the Crow Reservation. By all accounts he was extremely nervous and had provided his men with extra ammunition and rifles. He even insisted on someone sleeping by his side.

In December 1892, Franc noted in his diary that the "rustlers" were making threats on Wickham's life. Franc noted after a trip to Billings, "I sent Wickham off somewhere where the rustlers won't find him."

In March 1893, the roundup crew went to the Townsend ranch, dug up the bodies of Bedford and Burch and took them to Otto for a proper burial.

Franc's foreman, Merrill, brought this news to Franc, and he again hied to Billings, this time with Rogers in tow. Later he wrote in the diary, "I have provided for the safety of Joe Rogers and Wickham. During my absence a sheriff's posse has been here to arrest Rogers but found him gone."

The posse rode into Franc's Pitchfork Ranch late one afternoon and made a thorough search before going on its way.

Rogers didn't disappear without some bragging first. Some time in the interval he camped with an old friend in Pryor Gap who later lived in Basin. The man told of Rogers boasting of having killed Bedford.

In May, 1893, Franc noted he'd been to Helena, Montana, "on account of the Wickham matter." Apparently he did a good job of providing safety for the detectives for they were not heard from again.

FRANC spent the next few months a lonely, nervous man. In November 1893, Franc took a shotgun out hunting rabbits. When he didn't return, alarmed hands went looking and found him dead of a gunshot wound near a fence. Was he crawling through and the gun accidentally discharged? Had the full import of his dealings caught up with him and he committed suicide? Was he ambushed and murdered by avenging friends of the two young rustlers?

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The Boy Who Turned In the Younger Gang

(continued from page 29)

others received $10 and another 15 received $8 each. No other bank that the James-Younger gang robbed offered reward money to the posse members.

After a short trial, the Youngers were sent to Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater for life.

The young man who had to milk the cow before turning in the alarm kept his identity secret from the newspapers for his own protection. His name was given incorrectly in case friends of the Youngers wanted to get revenge. The Mankato Record identified him as 12-year-old Oscar Suborn. The Mankato Review identified him simply as the 17-year-old "O. Suborn." The Madelia Times called him "the boy Oscar O. Suborn."

Actually he was seventeen. He was born on March 9, 1859, the son of Guri and Ole Sorbel, both natives of Norway. The farmhouse they constructed in Minnesota stood until 1930, when it was torn down for a new driveway. The farm is still in possession of Sorbel descendants.

With his reward money, Sorbel was able to begin study of veterinary medicine. In 1883, he moved to the Dakota Territory, settling on a farm in Notley Township, Ray County. It was still early enough in the territory's history for him to be considered a pioneer.

On July 11, 1890, Asle Sorbel married Winnie Westgard. In 1894, the couple moved to Webster, South Dakota, where he practiced veterinary medicine. He died on July 11, 1930, from heart failure.

Strangely Sorbel's death notice in the Webster Reporter and Farmer of July 17 may have been the first public announcement identifying him accurately as the young man who alerted the authorities as to the location of the robbers. It stated:

"As a youth of about 16 years, he played an important part in the capture of the Younger brothers, notorious bandits associated with the James boys. Some of the bandits stopped at the farm after staging a bank holdup at Northfield...where the cashier was killed. One of the men had his arm bandaged and Mr. Sorbel's intuition told him they were the bandit gang. He walked to Madelia and gave the information to officers which resulted in their capture later and for which Mr. Sorbel received a reward."

Wanted: Judge Roy Bean

(continued from page 54)

under investigation by a grand jury for aggravated assault. Somebody named Jean Bouffier said that Bean, along with Isidore Rodriguez, L. W. Merchant and Serreta Martina "did commit an aggravated assault on the affiant by drawing a gun and presenting it at affiant, at the same time using abusive language toward affiant."

Had Bean taken a dislike for people with French names? In any event, no indictment was issued in the case, number 1875-1465.

Meanwhile, Bean was diversifying his efforts, herding maverick cows onto his land to form a dairy and selling firewood. Legend has it that his dairy business floundered after a customer found a minnow in his milk. Bean had been stretching his product with water from San Pedro Creek.

As far as his firewood business, legend is that Bean made a profit without an investment; he gathered wood from land that wasn't his.

Here the legend finds some echo in the record. On April 18, 1878, the Bexar County grand jury indicted Bean for swindling. He was accused of charging Francisco Andsada $10 for the right to gather wood "on the left side of the Garza Road, when in truth and in fact he, the said Roy Bean, did not own any land or wood on the left side of the Garza Road."

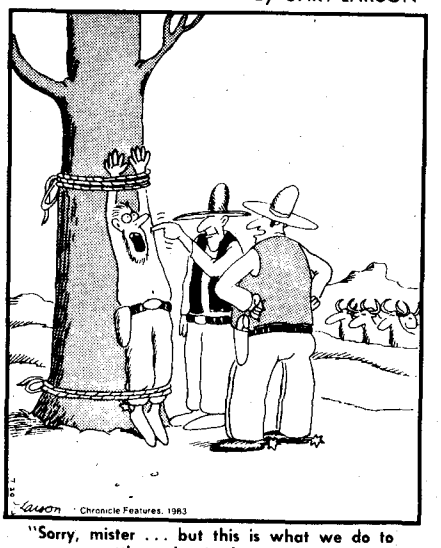
But Bean squeaked through. Entered in the file with the indictment, made the next day, is a confusing document from the prosecutor which seems to indicate the plaintiffs had "sworn falsely to shield themselves from a prosecution of unlawfully cutting wood on land of Capt. Poor."

Apparently Andsada got caught taking wood from the land and countered by saying he paid Bean $10 for the privilege. No further action was taken on the case.

Meanwhile, the appeal on the Grandjean case finally reached the Texas Court of Appeals in 1879. It was overturned on the grounds that the original indictment was too vague.

So as of Nov. 17, 1879, Bean was off the hook. But by then he was already heading west.

THE FAR SIDE By GARY LARSON



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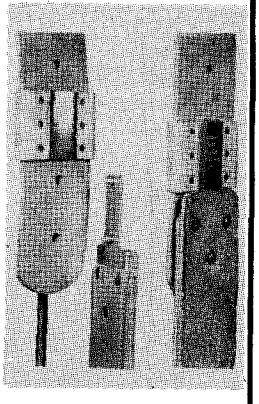

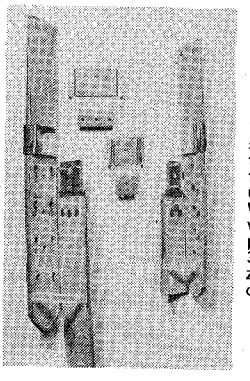

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By BARBARA BLACKBURN
Photo Courtesy of Author

Settlers Loved Berry Pies

Forgotten Frontier Food Part III

WHATEVER happened to sarsaparilla, gruel, farmer's cheese, pease porridge, Christmas goose, blackbirds dressed for the frying pan, pieplant preserves, switchel and frizzled beef?

These and many other pioneer foods are an endangered species or in fact are extinct. Some have changed with the times and are still around. Let's look at the forgotten foods, the ones great-grandma used to make. This is part three of a four-part series.

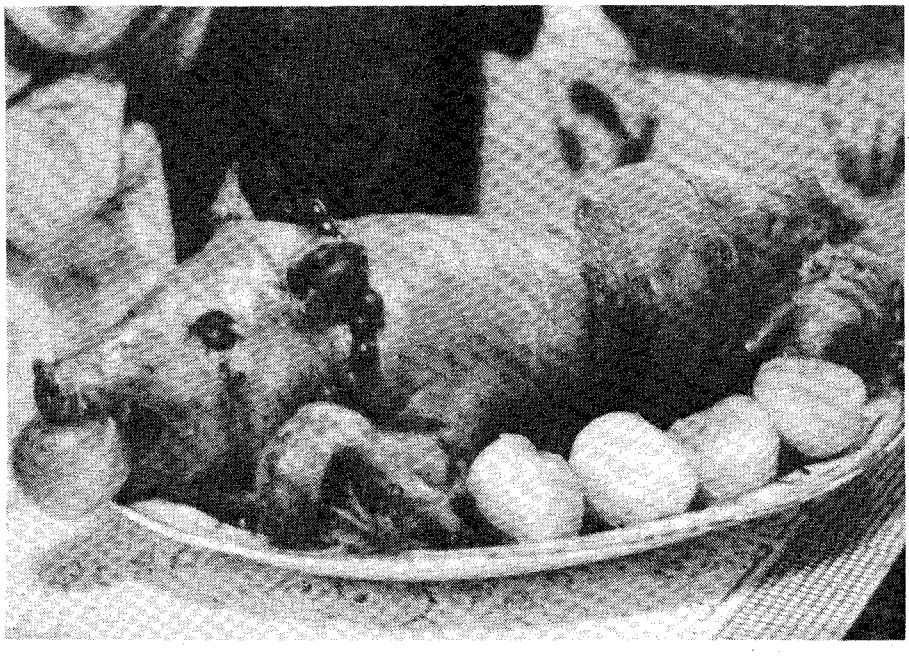
A real frontier treat was roast suckling pig, complete with an apple in its mouth. Laura Ingalls Wilder never forgot a dinner party for the pioneer families held in the common meeting house where they served such a pig. Other memories included smoked herring for the Fourth of July. At Christmas it was a big thrill to find an orange in the stocking.

Nannie T. Alderson in her book, *A Bride Goes West,* describes her first Christmas on the Montana frontier in a homestead cabin in 1883. The cowboys came from miles around dressed in their best shirts and pants.

"I doubt if there was a turkey in Montana that Christmas, but we had oysters! We had persuaded a neighbor, coming from Miles City several days before Christmas, to bring us several cans of these, frozen, and packed in ice as a double precaution. I can make good eggnog and, with Christmas candies to supplement the eggnog, I hoped this dinner would be memorable for them all. The oysters I hoped would make an impression as they were rarely seen out here on the frontier. For the piece de resistance we had our own roast beef, than which no better could be found anywhere."

Unfortunately the oysters were tainted and Nannie's guests ate more than was good for them. They remembered her Christmas dinner all right, but it was because most of the guests got very sick eating the oysters!

Also at Christmas, some lucky children found horehound candy in their stockings. This not only tasted good, it was soothing to the throat as well.



Roast suckling pig.

Although they had sweets, pioneers probably did not consume as much sugar as we do today. For one thing, they couldn't afford it. But when they could, they produced lovely desserts. An example was the vanity cake — honey-colored, rich, crisp and like a hollow bubble. This treat melted on the tongue.

Fruits and berries were taken from the land and delicious foods were made from them. Quince jelly is one example; you can still find it in places but mostly it is just a memory of another era. Martha Washington had her favorite recipe for quince preserves.

People in the West enjoyed elderberry pie and pastries. Indians liked elderberry fritters. Elderberry tea was a cure-all for many ills such as the common cold. Elderberry wine had its virtues too.

Gooseberries are rare today, but the early settlers loved gooseberry pie. Growing the berries was a challenge because of their tendency to attract mildew. Some gooseberry bushes still thrive. From these can be made the famous sweet-sour gooseberry fool, well-known in Illinois.

Pieplant and rhubarb are the same plant and although rhubarb pie is still eaten today, it was more common on the frontier. Also made from rhubarb were preserves, marmalade, tarts and so on. Stewed rhubarb was a favorite of pioneer families.

Persimmons were good eating and early settlers made persimmon wine. In Indiana, persimmon pudding was popular. Western settlers made do with berries close at hand such as huckleberries, service berries and chokecherries. Wine was made from all of these.

Political elections in the West were always times for special foods. Candidates often promised a feast after the

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rally. Burgoo, a kind of stew, was common and buffalo provided the meat for the early burgoos.

On western ranges, cow camp cooks used what they had at hand. Of course there was usually beef, beans, coffee and biscuits. But now and then they came up with something different. Once such dish was Rocky Mountain oysters.

These oysters are bull's testicles and some people liked them. Lamb's testicles could also be used. Pearl Baker, in her *Robbers Roost Recollections,* tells how just about every part of the cow, even the innards, was used as food on early ranches.

Although English walnuts are common, black walnuts and chestnuts were in greater use, although on special occasions, on the frontier. The Indians used black walnuts. Smashing a black walnut shell is quite a chore, but the meats can be pounded into butter and this is used in baking foods, such as cranberry walnut cake or maple walnut cookies — foods equally appreciated by the whites.

Chestnuts were favorites, not only roasting on an open hearth, but as additions to stuffings and in other foods. A chestnut blight has wiped out many chestnut trees so that these morsels are now costly.

Not only did pioneers learn to use black walnuts from the Indians, but they learned the use of corn, squash, pumpkins, acorns and many other foods. Pumpkins for example could be hung and dried from rafters and used throughout the long winter. Pumpkin flour was also used by early settlers.

RECIPES

SUCKLING PIG

Preferably, the butcher will draw, scrape and clean the pig for you. The dressed pig should weigh about 12 pounds.

Prepare 2½ quarts of dressing. Stuff and then sew up the pig. Put a block of wood it its mouth to hold it open. Skewer the legs into position, pulling the forelegs forward and bending the hind legs into a crouching stance. Rub the pig with butter and garlic. Dredge with flour.

Cover the ears and tail with foil. Place in a pan in a 450 degree oven for 15 minutes. Reduce heat to 325 and roast, allowing 30 minutes per pound. Baste every half hour with the pan drippings and maybe some stock. When the pig is tender, remove the foil. Place the pig on a platter, remove wood from the mouth and replace it with an apple. Place cranberries or raisins in the eyes.

GOOSEBERRY PIE

Preheat oven to 450 degrees. Line a nine-inch pie pan with any pie crust. Pick over and hull four cups gooseberries.

Thicken gooseberries with four T of flour or 2⅔ T tapioca and ¾ C sugar. An alternate method uses 2 T cornstarch dissolved in ¼ C water. Let the mixture stand for 15 minutes. Spice your mixture with ½ t cinnamon, ginger or nutmeg.

When the fruit is in the pie shell, dot with 1½ T butter. Cover with a top crust or lattice and bake at 450 degrees for 10 minutes. Reduce heat and bake 40-45 minutes.

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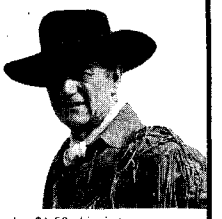
Rex Allen
Durango Kid
John Wayne



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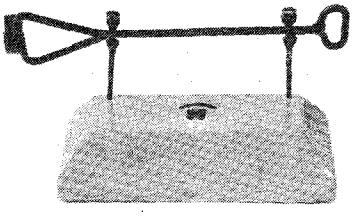

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OLD WEST RECIPE OF THE MONTH

Sourdough is the winner this month in a recipe sent by Don Getz, 2155 Major Street, Salt Lake City, Utah 84115. A long history comes with his flapjacks or "flopjohns" as he prefers to call them. His starter has been going for 35 years and getting sourer all the time.

DON'S FLOPJOHNS
(Sourdough Flapjacks)

1 C potato sourdough starter
1 C flour
2 T bacon grease, lard or shortening
½ C condensed milk
1 t baking soda
2 T sugar
pinch of salt

Combine the ingredients until blended. Allow to bubble for three to five minutes. Drop by spoonful or ladleful onto a hot griddle. Warm maple syrup.

For the starter batter, boil potatoes and save the water. Mix two cups of this with enough flour to make a thick dough. Put this mixture into a crock and cover, but not too tight. Set in a warm place to ferment for a few days.

SEND YOUR RECIPES

TRUE WEST will pay $5 for each original recipe published. The $5 pays for one-time rights to publish the recipe. Recipes should be kept short and should be typewritten. Of special interest are old family recipes dating from the Old West period (1830 to 1910). If ingredients are no longer available, list original ingredient and a modern alternative. Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST cookery specialist, will judge recipes on interest, preparation ease, originality and how well they are related to the Old West. Do not submit more than two or three recipes. Send to Barbara Blackburn, TRUE WEST, Iola, WI 54990. Recipe copies cannot be returned.

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Trails Grown Dim

Friend of Quanah Parker

My grandfather, Marion Andrew Johnston or Andrew Marion Johnston, was very close to Quanah Parker during his younger years and possibly was related to him.

Johnston was born Feb. 11, 1886, and was raised near Roaring Springs, Texas, in Indian Territory. He was the only child of his father's second marriage, and he had several half brothers and sisters much older than he was.

I would like information about my grandfather's younger life. — **Curtis L. Johnston, 9308 Tasco Dr. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87111.**

Sullivan-Bales

I am searching for information on Edison T. Sullivan and/or his descendants. Their names, birth or burial dates or places would be helpful.

It is known that Sullivan was the tenth child of Rachel Springer Sullivan and William Sullivan. He left home at an early age and was supposed to have settled somewhere in the middle western states of Oklahoma, Iowa or Nebraska.

It is possible he married a Dollie Bales and had two daughters named Ruby and Lola. Dollie Bales Sullivan was dead before 1911. — **Eva Sullivan Olah, 3324 Benefit Rd., Chesapeake, VA 23322.**

Heath-Bush

I am seeking information about my uncle, Harold Reding Heath, born at Rochford, Pennington County, South Dakota, Jan. 29, 1894.

His father was Bert J. Heath and his mother was Maria V. Bush. He was a veteran of World War I and last known to be living in the Portland, Oregon area. If he is dead, when and where is he buried? — **D. E. Havens, 716 Colusa, Orland, CA 95963.**

Highland-Fruit

I am seeking information on the family of Andrew Jackson Highland, born Nov. 19, 1822 in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was married to Mary Fruit around 1845. Mary was born Jan. 19, 1826 in Bartholomew County, Indiana.

Andrew and Mary were in Lee County, Iowa, in 1850, and Mary was found with her son in 1900 in Franklin County, Nebraska. Andrew died April 4, 1896, in Reamsville, Kansas. Mary died March 22, 1903 in Thomas County, Kansas.

Who were their children, parents and other relatives? What about their marriage? — **Marsha J. Buck, Rt. 3, Box 718, Farmington, NM 87401.**

French-Barr

I am looking for descendants of my great-great-grandparent's siblings. Richard French was born circa 1817 in either Pennsylvania or Germany. He lived in Philadelphia County, Pennsylvania during the 1930s, then moved to Ohio where he married Mahala Barr, born in Ohio circa 1824.

They had three children in Ohio: Moses, Laban and Samuel. Others were born in DuQuoin, Perry County, Illinois: David, Alexander, Elias and Ira.

Who were Richard's and Mahala's siblings and parents? Did they emigrate to the United States?

After Mahala's death in Illinois, Richard remarried and had two children, Edward and Sarah.

What happened to Laban? He was last known living in DuQuoin at the time of his father's death. Did Laban marry or have a family? — **Mrs. F. J. Stodden Jr., 405 S. Autrey Ave., Lafayette, CO 80026.**

Barnes-Hardin-Rich

James Barnes was born about 1825, probably in one of the southern United States, and was in Hill County, Texas, in 1844 when he married a woman named "Sis" Hardin. Sis was related to John Wesley Hardin.

Their son, James Benjamin Barnes, was born in Hill County in 1846. James Benjamin married Jane Rich in 1870 in Hill County.

Jane Rich's father was Leroy H. Rich. He was born in 1825 in Fentress County, Tennessee. — **Loryle Dove Barnes, Box 276, Encinal, TX 78019.**

Sinclair

I am inquiring about a man, William T. Sinclair, who was a Civil War veteran. He evidently had some children by the names of Alice, Bella, George and Phil. They may not be living now, but surely some of their children must be. I would like to hear from any of them. — **William J. Johnson, 150 S. 15th Ave. Dr., Brighton, CO 80601.**

Haws

I am seeking information on George Washington Haws and Albert Haws. George was born on March 12, 1841, in Wayne County, Illinois. He was the son of Gilberth and Hannah Whitcomb Haws. Are there any descendants of his family, descendants of his relatives or any who know of this family?

Albert was born on Feb. 15, 1837, in Wayne County, Illinois. He was the eighth child of Gilberth and Hannah. — **Robert Haws, Grovedale, Alberta, Canada T0H 1X0.**

White-Harmon

I would like assistance in tracing Levi (Levy) White and Margaret Harmon White who went west from Harrison County, Indiana after 1840, presumably to the Gold Rush never to return. They had three children, a boy and two girls.

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient. Please type or print your query and limit letters to 150 words or less. Photos are welcome. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

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Levi's parents were Brittain and Susannah White from Bollitt County, Kentucky. Margaret's parents were Abraham and Catherine Harmon from Harrison County, Indiana. — **Wesley G. Johnson, 5484 N. Park Ave., Indianapolis, IN 46220.**

Summerlin-Manirva-Adams

I am searching for information on William Summerlin or his sister, Mary Elizabeth Summerlin.

William was born in 1855 and his sister, Mary, was born in 1862. Their parents were George Oliver Summerlin and Martha Ann Manirva.

The children supposedly were sent to live in Texas after their mother's death. William Summerlin then married Lucretia Adams and they had the following children: Wesley James, Bertun Elby, Henry Cleveland, Leondius Harvey, George Washington, Marshall William, Luciel, Lillian, Gwendolyn, John Wingfield, Martha Ann, Mary Emily and Laura Golda. — **Sarah Sumerlin, 1341 Shelton Rd., Walla Walla, WA 99362.**

Corey-Falkinham-Oberdofer

John Wesley Corey was born Sept. 29, 1844-45, near Akron, Ohio. In 1860, we believe he was living with Hiram and Charlotte Corey near Iron Ridge-Horican in Dodge County, Wisconsin.

After being wounded in the Civil War, he was discharged at Fort Keokuk, Iowa. In 1863, he was back in the same area in Wisconsin farming.

Who were his relatives in Wisconsin? Was Mathew Corey his father? If so, where did he live and where is he buried?

I would like to hear from any Falkinham or Oberdofer from the Hiram and Charlotte Corey family. — **Ella Mae McGann, Box 174 Happy Valley, Anchor Point, AK 99556.**

Patterson-Vowell

Samuel J. Patterson was born Jan. 18, 1837, in Georgia or Alabama. He married Frances A. Tackett Vowell in 1856. Frances was born in October 1835 in Georgia.

They went to Pine Grove, Grimes County, Texas around 1867. Six children were born in Alabama and six in Grimes County, Texas. They moved to Taylor County, Texas around 1900.

Who were Samuel's parents? Who was Frances' first husband? What county in Georgia did they come from? — **Jimmy Reeves Walker, Box 35 UTEP, El Paso, TX 79968.**

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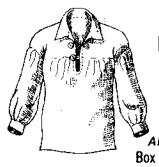

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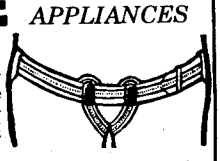

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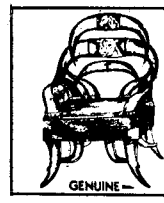

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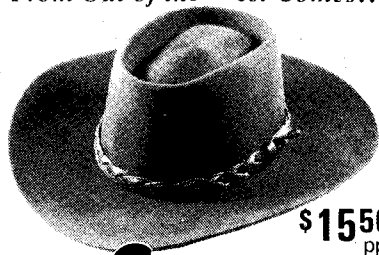

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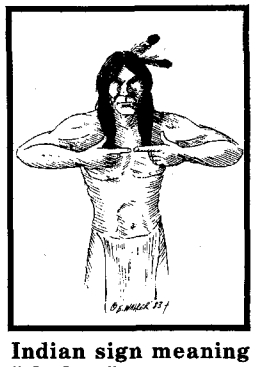

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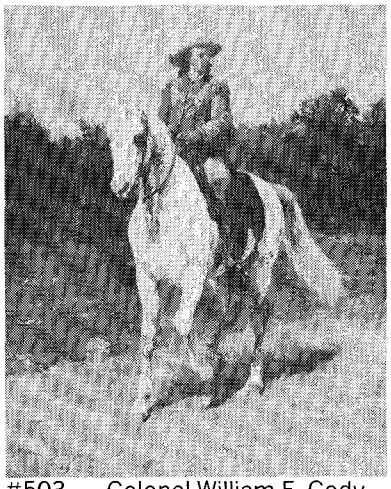

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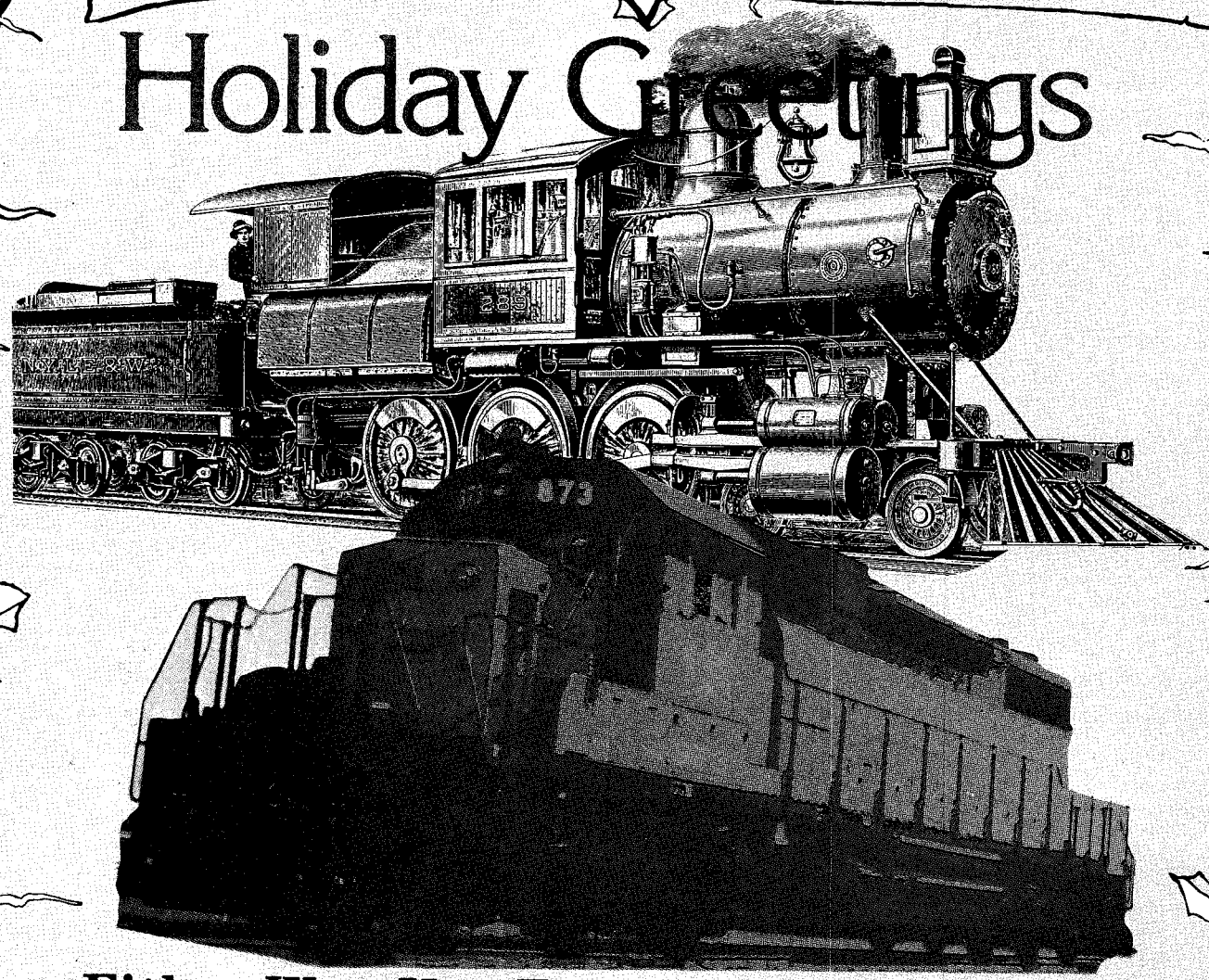

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